February 4, 1933

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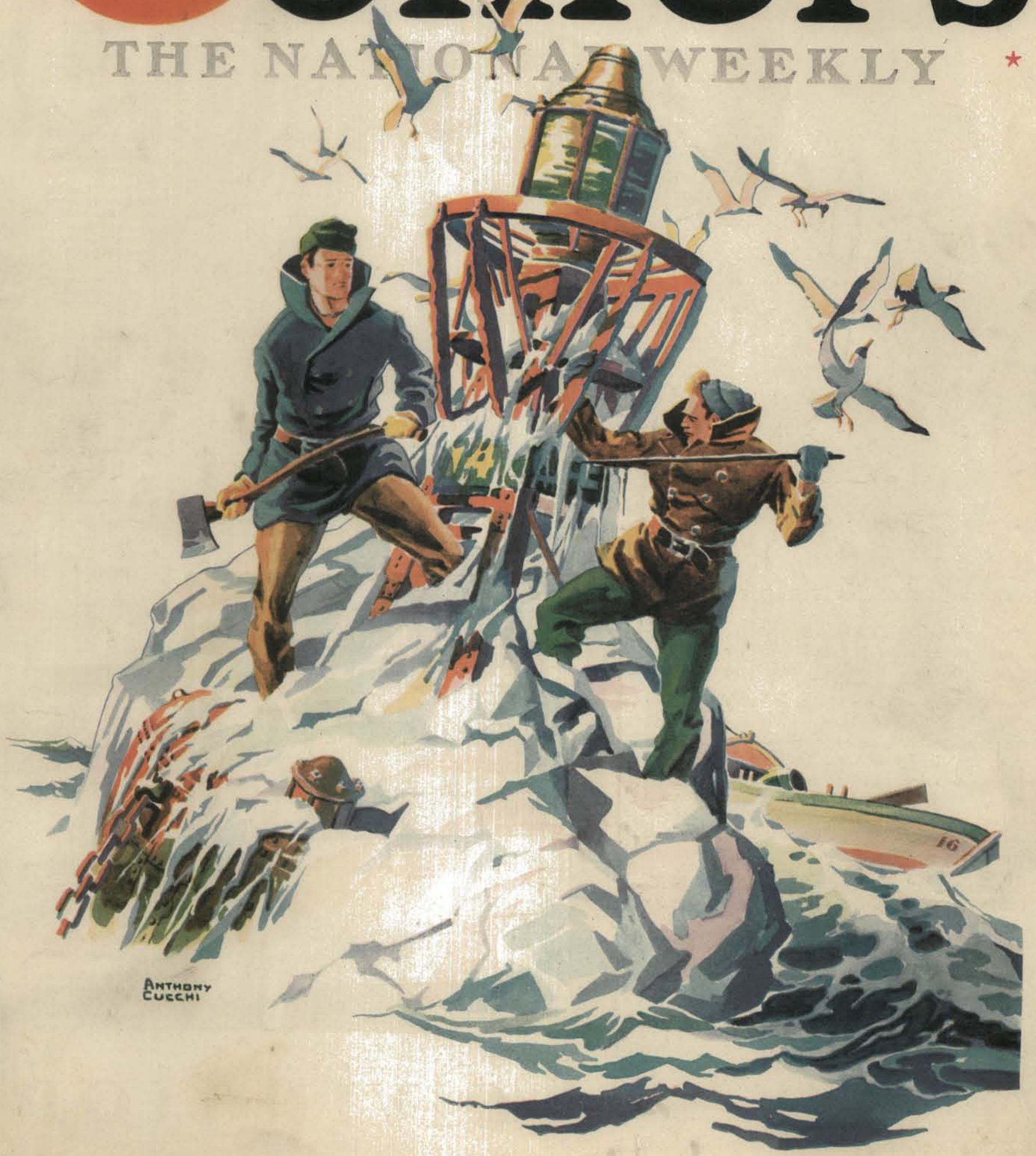
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



E. Phillips Oppenheim – Don Marquis – John B. Kennedy – Ernest Haycox

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B. 4, 1933
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"It's really 4 refriqerators in 1"

. . . And all are FULLY AUTOMATIC

—an exclusive Kelvinator feature

LET us explain to you the most important and most desirable feature in an electric refrigerator—a feature you will unquestionably want in the electric refrigerator you buy.

The new Kelvinator DeLuxe Models are really "4 refrigerators in 1." They have 4 separate and distinct temperatures in the refrigerator *at the same time*. Each serves a different purpose. Each is *fully automatic*. There are no dials to set, nothing to remember or forget, no danger of freezing the contents of the food compartment. Each of the 4-Zones of Cold is automatically controlled, without supervision or attention on your part. And each is necessary for *complete* refrigeration.

The chart on the right shows the location of these 4-Zones of Cold and explains the type of refrigeration each supplies. Study it carefully. And you will realize how important, how desirable this feature is.

The new 1933 Kelvinators are now being displayed by the Kelvinator dealer in your city. There are 16 different models—a size and type for every home and every budget. And prices are the lowest in Kelvinator's 18 years in the industry. On the ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan you can now easily own a Kelvinator and enjoy *for years* the advantages and economies of Kelvinator electric refrigeration. We extend a cordial invitation to you to visit the Kelvinator dealer who will gladly show you the new models . . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *14253 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.*

Food Preservation Temperature

In the food compartment, the temperature is always below 50 degrees and is not affected by the other 3 temperatures. No dials to set.

Below Freezing Temperature

The Frost Chest has an automatically maintained below freezing temperature. Here fish, meat or game can be kept indefinitely. No dials to set.

Fast Freezing Temperature

In the ice cube trays indicated above, large quantities of ice cubes can be frozen much faster than in ordinary refrigerators. No dials to set.

World's Fastest Freezing Speed

In the Iso-Thermic tray, water to ice in about 80 minutes — hours faster than ordinary freezing speeds. No dials to set.

Kelvinator

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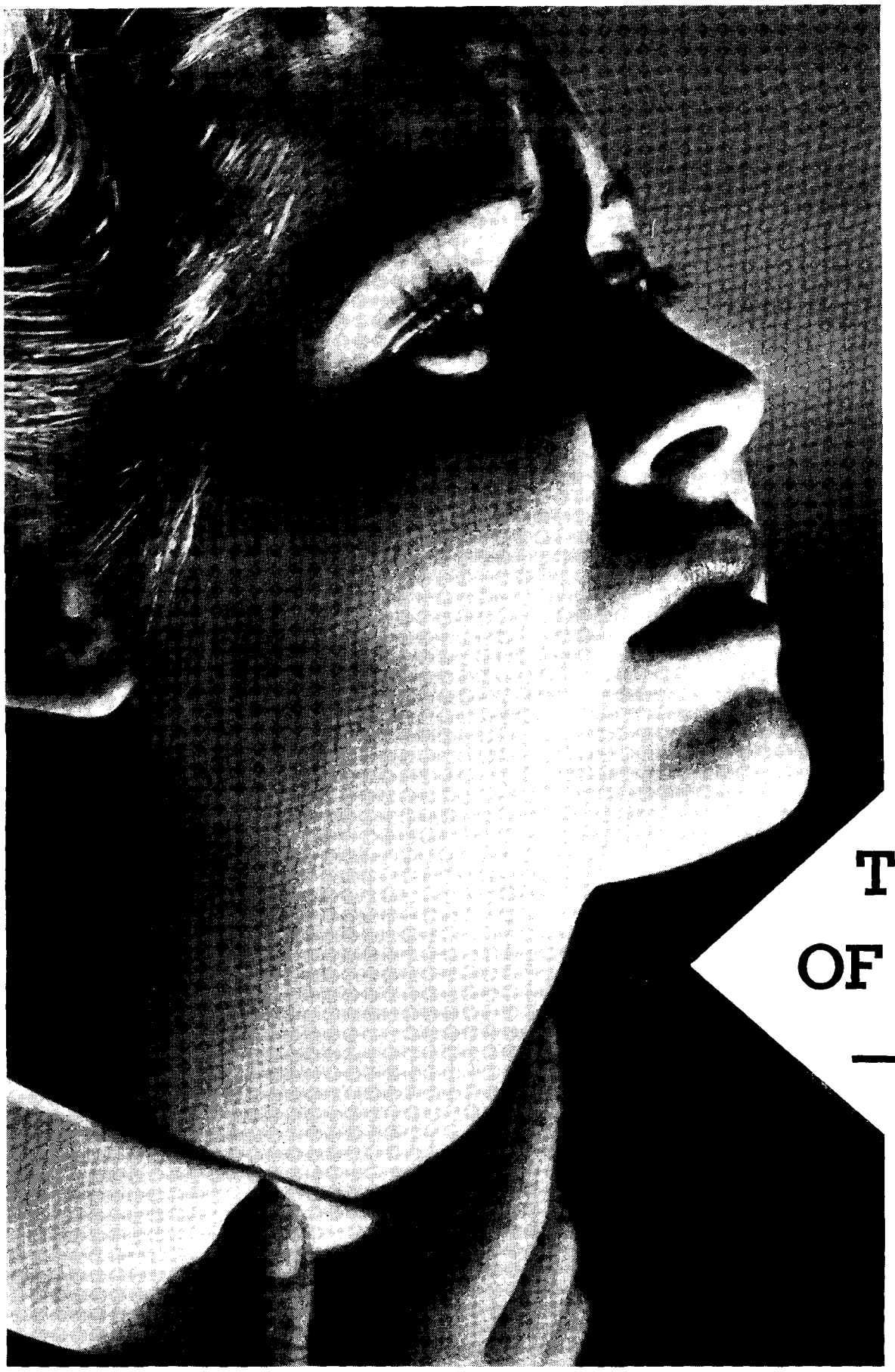

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF SORE THROAT — LISTERINE!

When your throat feels tight, "itchy," or sore, gargle with full strength Listerine every two hours.

You will be delighted to find how often such pleasant treatment brings relief.

Listerine cleanses the inflamed tissues and kills germs clinging to them.

Harsh mouth washes, so powerful they may irritate tissue, should be avoided in the treatment of throat trouble, since they aggravate the condition rather than improve it.

Simple sore throat is often one of the symptoms of a cold. It is Nature's warning that the germs that cause or accompany a cold have entered through the mouth and lodged in the throat prior to traveling upward to the nose and head passages.

Gargle twice a day for Colds

If you would fight colds, gargle with full strength Listerine twice a day. As you know, many colds are caused by germs multiplying by millions in the mouth and throat. When Listerine comes in contact with such germs, it kills them outright. A reduction of bacteria ranging up to 99% has been shown by tests.

Scientifically conducted experiments have shown that those who gargled with full strength Listerine twice a day did not catch cold as frequently as those who did not gargle with it. Such findings are corroborated by the experience of tens of thousands of men, women, and children.

Moreover, Listerine, used at two-hour intervals, will often check a cold and keep it from becoming serious. Such results are due to the fact that, while Listerine kills germs, it does not irritate tissue. Remember that factor of safety when purchasing a mouth wash. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Effective and SAFE GERMICIDAL YET NON-IRRITATING

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

FOR going on ten years, Miss Cutie Singleton and Hot Horse Herbie are engaged, and it is well known to one and all that they are to be married as soon as Herbie makes a scratch. However, for the last couple of years Miss Cutie Singleton is getting somewhat impatient and starts looking at little white houses with green shutters and vines all around and about.

Many citizens consider her somewhat ungrateful for thinking of such matters after all the scenery Hot Horse Herbie lets her see in the past ten years. In fact, Herbie lets her see practically all the scenery there is in this country and some in Canada.

But it is in Miami that they meet up with an innocent character called Professor Woodhead, of Princeton, who lives all alone in a little white house with green shutters. After that Cold Fact Damon Runyon tells you what happens to Hot Horse Herbie's ever-loving fiancée.

LAST week Mr. Walter Davenport described the inner workings of Tammany Hall. You were introduced to the big chief and shown the magic touch by which the destinies of the world's richest city are controlled.

Next week Mr. John B. Kennedy will escort you on "A Tammany Tour" and let you witness a district leader establishing those intimate contacts with the voters upon which Tammany's power is founded.

"EVER since I was nine," said John Van Berg, "I've wanted to be a train conductor. Owning a couple of railroads is the nearest I ever came to it."

That was the way the party started. The idea was for everyone to be perfectly honest from "Nine to Midnight" and to do just what he or she most wanted to. It started as a joke, this party to free suppressed desires, but before the stroke of twelve it had developed comedy and pathos and tragedy. But love, the unconquerable, very indecorously stole the show. Reita Lambert tells you about it.

ALAN LEMAY reports an exciting range war which began when Tommy Ross decided to steal "The Nester's Girl." Mr. Wilfred Pelletier of the Metropolitan Opera Company shows you how opera stars—especially home-grown ones—are made. Clinton W. Gilbert's second article on the domestic allotment plan, omitted this week, will appear. George Creel writes the Short Short Story. Grantland Rice, William MacHarg, George Agnew Chamberlain and others perform with customary brilliance. Leaving nothing to be desired.

This Week

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●

Any Week

"DEAR Sir," writes Mr. Roy O. West, "on page 42 of your issue of December 17, 1932, referring to Mr. Samuel Insull, you published the following:

> His political alliances did not always prosper, at least so far as his allies were concerned. Roy West, his Illinois paymaster, was named as Secretary of the Interior by Calvin Coolidge, with great authority over the government's power sites. But the Senate refused to confirm him.

"I call your attention to the fact that the Senate proceedings show my confirmation in executive session *in January, 1929, after* prolonged and full public hearings. The newspapers stated at the time that I was confirmed by a vote of 54 to 27. Among the 54 senators reported by the newspapers as supporting me were substantial majorities of Democrats as well as Republicans.

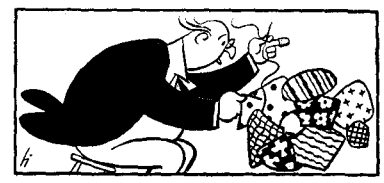
"The undisputed testimony before the Senate committee showed that I was elected City Attorney of Chicago in 1895 and that a few days later Mr. William G. Beale (member of the Robert T. Lincoln firm of lawyers), then general counsel for Mr. Insull's Chicago Edison Company, was appointed corporation counsel by the mayor. At the expiration of our terms of office in 1897 Mr. Beale employed me to prosecute for the Edison Company in coöperation with the public prosecutors for per diem and case compensation certain violations of the Illinois criminal statutes. After the organization of my present firm of West and Eckhart in 1902 clerks in the firm's office continued to prosecute these small cases. The average compensation paid my firm and myself by Mr. Insull and his companies for twenty-seven years preceding my appointment to the Cabinet was less than $725 per year and less than $125 per case. I was not consulted as to corporate structure, legislation, rates, acquisition of power sites, etc. Except for these criminal prosecutions, a small emergency chancery suit and unimportant related matters, neither my firm nor I was ever employed by Mr. Insull or any of his companies. Never before has it been stated that I was an Insull 'paymaster,' and I never was."

We are glad to print Mr. West's letter and thus correct an erroneous statement.

A COUPLE of questions from Mr. Hershel McKinley of Owensboro, Kentucky: "Why," asks he, "do you have your best feature, your editorials, bringing up the rear? And where do people buy the neckties I get on Christmas?"

"I VOTED for Herbert Hoover," writes Mr. William F. Mullroy of Pasadena, California, "because I hate to see a nice guy like friendly Frank Roosevelt get the shellacking anybody taking the job is in for."

"WHEN I was a child," says Mrs. *Ida G. Waterous of Boston,* "we used to bruise our brains on a conundrum which ran like this: 'Patch upon patch and a hole in the middle; what is it?' I have forgotten the answer the book had for it, but I know a better one. The right answer is probably Congress' helter-skelter attempts to overcome depression, balance the budget and please the folks back home."



DR. NORMAN H. LYNN of Spring Valley, Illinois, warns all and sundry to keep their names out of this column if they crave to continue in obscurity. He broke in last spring and has since heard from a growing crowd of friends of his youth whom he had lost years ago. And not one of them a creditor either.

MR. NOAH G. LAND of Milwaukee thinks the country would be better off for knowing that Wisconsin elected a railroad conductor (Mr. Thomas J. O'Malley) lieutenant governor. "Mr. O'Malley," says Mr. Land, "was inspired to run by the purest sort of patriotism. For years he had been listening to the commuters between Chicago and Milwaukee discuss politics and it became increasingly clear to him that somebody with brains ought to take a hand in government."

AND any number of persons have volunteered to tell us funny stories about the new lieutenant governor of Washington, who puffs a saxophone in his own dance orchestra. But we refuse to listen. It is enough to know that at least one state has a lieutenant governor who is intentionally amusing.

"IN 1917," sighs Mr. (ex-Corporal) Hardy M. Freas of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, "we were 'Our Boys.' In 1918 we were 'Victorious Yanks.' In 1919 we were just plain 'Heroes.' Now we are 'Dollar Patriots.' How come?"

AND Mr. Joe McNulty of New York City notifies us that Damon Runyon's Dancing Dan is no fictional character at all but "Runyon himself and I got witnesses."

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Dream a bit about the days you wish to enjoy in your autumn years

IMAGINE that you have reached the day when work is a matter of choice — not of necessity — and that you have a fixed income, as sure as the rising and setting of the sun, or the change of seasons. And that your time is your own to use as you please.

Perhaps you will travel. Maybe you would like a little place in the country where you can putter around in the garden. Or possibly you would like just to settle yourself in a comfortable, sunny room with the books that you have always hoped to read.

Wouldn't you like to have plenty of leisure and the means to enjoy your life in your own way?

There is a flexible plan, adapted to any pocketbook, which provides a fixed, regular income at retirement age. The plan works out as successfully for the man of simple requirements as it does for the man of large ambitions. For either men or women it is the safest plan in the world.

Dream a bit about the days you wish to enjoy in your autumn years of leisure and comfort.

AND

Mail the attached coupon and we will send a Metropolitan Field-Man to show you how other people have made their dreams come true and how, perhaps, you can realize your own.

Metropolitan Life's contracts afford a means to

- —*create estates and incomes for families*
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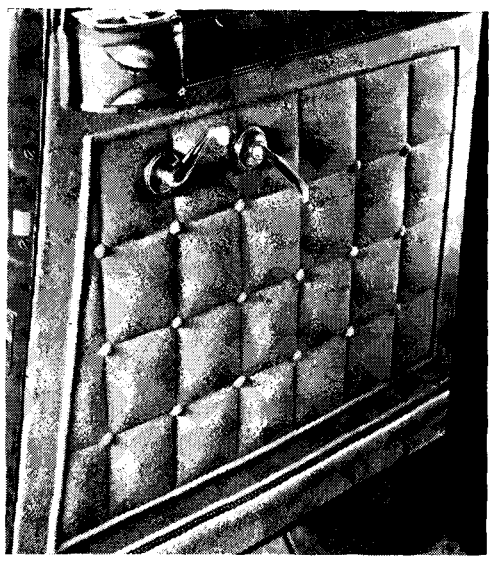
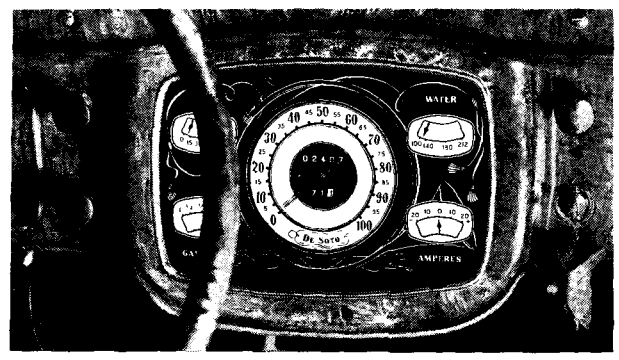
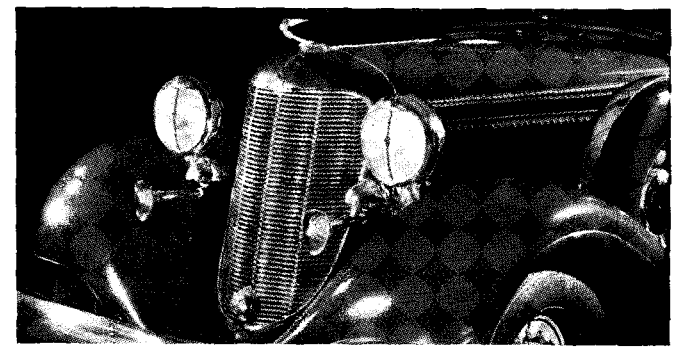
WITH APOLOGIES TO THE DUCHESS



TUFTED DOORS as you see above are no longer the property of the Duchess alone! You can have them in your car, too . . . and French roll seats in rich upholstery like those you see below. The material's expensive, and it *looks* it! You'll think so, too, when you sit inside.

NO, NOT THE DUCHESS . . . just a smart young American feeling very much like one! Below at the left is the pleasant view the driver has when he looks to see how fast he's traveling. Beside it . . . a view of your DeSoto as others see it coming.





SHE HELPED US MAKE THE NEW DE SOTO AMERICA'S SMARTEST LOW-PRICED CAR

THERE is a very grand lady in France. She rides in a car with a custom body that cost 75,000 francs. And to break right down and confess . . . we "borrowed" the interior of the Duchess' car for the new DeSoto Custom Sedan!

So when you set foot into this bigger new DeSoto . . . you step 3,000 miles across the sea to the boulevards of Paris. You sink down in deep seats such as the Duchess rides in. And if you assume somewhat of the haughty air of the Duchess . . . don't blame us. We provide the car . . . *if it swells your chest a little*, that is entirely your affair!

But there's one thing that Paris has nothing to do with. And that's the engineering of this car. The new DeSoto has a bigger, 79-horsepower engine. It has Floating Power engine mountings . . . they end driving fatigue! It has hydraulic brakes, automatic choke, a new kind of starter; automatic clutch is optional at $9.50 extra. That's enough to tell you DeSoto has thrilling performance! And these are *our own* ideas.

We dare you to look at the new DeSoto. We dare you to drive it. Then you'll know why everybody is calling it America's Smartest Low-Priced Car! Look at these prices!

NEW STANDARD MODELS—Business Coupe $695; Brougham $695; Special Brougham $725; Coupe with Rumble Seat $735; Sedan $765. New Custom Models—Coupe $790; Sedan $835; Conv. Coupe $845; Conv. Sedan $975. All prices f. o. b. factory.

NEW DE SOTO SIX $695 AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY

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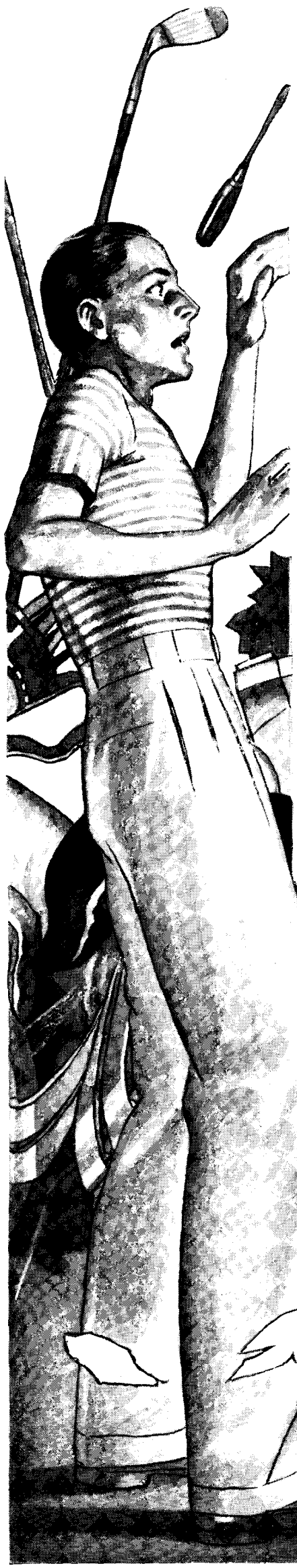

The roadster was catapulted from under his hand. "You—drive too—fast!" gasped Sylvia, just before she fainted

There was one man she didn't like. She hated him. She hated him as only girls like her can hate. With that clearly in mind, you can readily understand what she did to that man. It was enough!

Tall and Dark

By Alan Rinehart

SYLVIA was so startled that she quite forgot about the five dollars. The stout woman in earrings and shawl moved nimbly out from behind the crystal and slid between her and the door.

"Listen, dearie," said the occultist, evidently using the Oriental idiom, "don't take on so. We fortune tellers sometimes get it all wrong. *I* seldom do, I must say; but there was that case of a man I told was going to die once, and he came back mad and told me it was his wife who did. Don't worry, honey; what course the Fates have in their majesty and wisdom laid out for us, there's no gettin' away from. It may be all for the best. And it'll be five dollars."

Sylvia paid and made for the air. The sunlight dazzled her, but the narrow side street smelled clean after the stench of incense and cigarettes. She drew a breath. At the curb stood Aunt Ruth's shiny new car, with Crane standing at such attention that she knew Aunt Ruth herself must be inside in massive state.

Sylvia gathered her dignity and her slightly elevated air about her and made the proper entrance. Aunt Ruth's handclasp, always carefully calculated, told her niece that she had been kept waiting not over ten nor under eight minutes.

"Sorry," murmured Sylvia mechanically. "The dressmaker says my suit won't be ready until Tuesday."

"She's no good," snapped Aunt Ruth. "Anyone who would have a shop in the same house with a fortune teller wouldn't be apt to have much sense. I thought perhaps you had gone in to have your palm read yourself. So many silly women do."

Sylvia's blue eyes clouded and she blew her nose, not daintily but with a lusty trumpeting that caused Aunt Ruth to turn her head.

"I wish you would give up those uncouth mannerisms," the latter remarked. "Remember, you are not a tomboy any longer. You have been presented at court."

It is impossible to give the full emphasis which, without italics, Aunt Ruth placed on those words. Even Sylvia stiffened, and for the rest of the ride behaved as if she were still on public display. Her youthful chin raised itself ever so little; her face dropped all expression and became serene as a landscape with lambs. The little blue hat, which had ridden up to comfort on the top of her head, was replaced at its accurate angle. The blue suit with its monkey jacket was hauled into decency at the knees. They were good knees. Sometimes Crane would help Sylvia into the car and drive off, the familiar ears a violent shade of red.

IT WAS not until they had got into open country and could catch flashes of the blue bay that Sylvia spoke.

"Aunt Ruth," she asked, "if some fortune teller told you that somebody you knew was going to die on a given day, what would you do?"

"I'd notify the police," stated Aunt Ruth flatly. She faced her niece. "Did you go to that fortune teller?"

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Sylvia nodded her head miserably.

"I suppose I *am* silly. But she told me that 'someone tall and dark and formerly very close to me'—those were her words—was going to die on the twelfth. It's Jim Harper!"

Aunt Ruth looked startled and then laughed with what, in a person of less bulk, might have been called rudeness. It was half a snort.

"So you are certain he's going to die, and you're certain it is Jim Harper. Granted that you and he had a silly childhood love affair, that couldn't be called 'very close to you.'"

"It could!" cried Sylvia, and was abruptly silent.

"Then why don't you tell him, ease your conscience of what you seem to regard as your responsibility, and if he laughs, simply leave the room?"

"He *would* laugh!" cried Sylvia desperately. "He hates me and I hate him! I wouldn't care if he *was* killed! But if it did happen, I'd feel like his murderer."

"That's no way to talk about anybody. Besides, your uncle Bert says he is doing very well in the office and may some day be a promising lawyer. Of course we are all glad that silly affair is over and done with, and I have written your mother in Paris. But there is no reason why a sensible girl should hate anyone."

"There's every reason. I loathe him and he loathes me. I don't want ever to see him again. I'd be happy if he broke his neck. But I don't want it to be my fault!"

Aunt Ruth had her moments of greatness. She thought a long time before announcing her decision:

"Very well, then. I shall ask your uncle to invite him down for the weekend. Naturally nothing can happen to him with us. I intend to show you exactly how silly those superstitions are. You can tell him or not, as you wish."

"I shan't stay in the same house!"

Aunt Ruth gave the effect of a shrug with one of her chins. Sylvia subsided, conscious only of a nameless menace.

IF SYLVIA had possessed the gift of reading the future, or even of clairvoyance, this history would have been different and probably less tragic. But she had neither; which is the reason why, on Saturday at lunch-time, she proceeded to tear up the waters of the bay in the Henderson speedboat, quite unaware of a conversation on the flagstones of the Henderson terrace. At that particular moment she was less concerned with menaces than with the necessity of keeping her chin up and her profile rigid, in case anyone took advantage of the big, mounted telescope in the window of the morning-room.

The conversation itself was only mildly tinged with danger. Mr. Henderson, known in a friendly manner to his office staff as Uncle Bert, was giving cheerful advice to a youthful member of that same staff. Jim Harper was lanky, dark and city pale; at the moment his eyes were following the gyrations of the speedboat, but Uncle Bert had part of his attention.

"Do what I do," the older man was saying, "when I have important documents. I stuff a briefcase with a lot of unimportant things and then leave the valuable ones lying innocently about."

"But why," Jim asked, "if these papers are really so valuable to them, why didn't we put them in safe deposit, or at least in the office safe?"

"Because," said Uncle Bert, "we don't know how close a watch they have been keeping on our movements. We only know that we are trying to bring about the conviction of a very rich man, and that is always dangerous. If they knew exactly where the papers were, they could get a court order and find out just what our weapons are. As for the safe, that is only a matter of strength, and if they wanted to, they could bring superior strength against it."

Jim forgot Sylvia for fully a minute. He studied the bulky envelope in his hands before stowing it inside his coat.

"You don't think," he demanded, "that they would come out here after them?"

Uncle Bert was definite:

"I do not. Even if they did, the fact that I am going to Boston on the night train ought to throw them off the track. But there is nothing to worry about beyond keeping them safe."

"All right," muttered Jim grimly. "I'll be responsible."

SYLVIA, cutting didos in the bay, glimpsed for an instant what she thought was a man with field glasses standing near the boathouse. But just then a buoy came rushing at her and she had to give her attention to the boat.

When next she looked, he was gone.

It was two o'clock before she came in. Spray-drenched, she made her way to the dining-room.

"Oh, hello, Jim," she said carelessly. "Aunt Ruth, I'm sorry I'm late. Look at me. Could you have a glass of milk and a bit of something sent upstairs while I take a bath? The ocean hasn't warmed up yet."

Jim gritted his teeth.

Upstairs, Sylvia hummed happily as she bathed and dressed. Being a well-brought-up young person, she would not admit to herself what had happened to make her day so bright; but Jim's face really had been funny. He looked like a man who had something on his mind to say, and she was in no hurry to let him say it. When the right moment came, she would let him talk. And then, when he had finished, it would be her turn.

Several times during the afternoon, when lying about with a book ceased to be amusing, she caught glimpses of him below her window on the terrace. Then he was hauled away by Uncle Bert to walk about the grounds, and Sylvia smiled sweetly to herself and descended.

"Oh, there you are," said Aunt Ruth petulantly, at the foot of the stairs. "I've been looking for you everywhere. I wish you'd look at these samples."

Sylvia followed, wishing a little that she had gone off to quarrel with Jim. So for an hour she sat in the sun-porch at the end of the house, gazing outdoors and nodding agreement at the right places.

"There's a man in a strange car," she remarked suddenly. "He didn't stop; just went round the circle and out the drive again. He seemed pretty interested in the house, though."

Aunt Ruth sighed.

"It will look so much better," she said, "when we get the new curtains."

SYLVIA put on her best dress for dinner. Throughout the meal she was intensely sweet. Aunt Ruth bloomed, and Uncle Bert was so gratified that he brought out brandy. Only Jim looked puzzled and irritated. By the end of the meal Sylvia practically cooed and had Jim growling. When they adjourned to the terrace and the June evening, she felt that she had the situation well in hand.

Twilight fell. Uncle Bert went indoors to supervise his packing, and Aunt Ruth followed. For a while Sylvia gazed silently at the faintly tinted sky. Jim began to stir uneasily.

Then Sylvia turned.

"It's been such a long time since I've seen you, Jim." Her voice was cool and impersonal. "But I've heard about you now and then. I'd be so interested to know what you've been doing."

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"I know you would," said Jim. They left it at that for a moment. But she mastered her growing irritation and went on bravely:

"You know, I heard the funniest thing about you—"

That was wrong. She hadn't meant to say it that way. Jim swung his feet down with a clatter which broke the spell of the evening.

"And you want to tell me so I can laugh, too! Well, you can keep it to yourself."

The screen door banged and Uncle Bert appeared.

"Where did you put those papers, Jim?" he asked.

Jim hesitated.

"I don't think I'd better tell you right now, sir. I'll come in . . ."

"No, no, you're quite right, my boy. I only wanted to know if they were in a safe place before I went."

HE SHOOK hands with Jim, kissed his niece, departed.

Sylvia raged inwardly.

"Polite of you," she remarked. "You think women can't keep a secret."

"Oh, no," said Jim. "Just *some* women. Some women hold nothing sacred."

"I suppose you mean *I* can't. Well, I hold more things sacred than you ever will!"

She was letting the interview get out of hand.

"You're accusing yourself. I said nothing about you," said Jim pleasantly.

"Damn lawyers!" she raged all at once. "I wouldn't marry a lawyer if he were the last man on earth!"

"Look here," said Jim. "We're going to be under the same roof until Monday morning. Let's act sufficiently friendly for the sake of your aunt and uncle, when we do have to meet; and when we're alone, well, we don't need to talk."

"That suits me perfectly," said Sylvia in a tone filled with hatred. "If I *never* have to talk to you again, it'll be too soon. But there's one thing I *have* to tell you—something for your own good—"

"Oh, yeah?"

She backed away, as if in fury she were afraid of attacking him.

"I'll never tell you now! *Die* if you want! I'll just stand and laugh!"

Jim watched her fade into the darkness of the lawn. His expression was that of the man who lit the first firecracker. Sylvia did not reappear. Finding himself left alone by Mrs. Henderson at ten o'clock, he went to bed.

It was late when Sylvia returned and went up to her own room, three doors from Jim's in the guest wing. She glared down the hall at the doorknob which twinkled so merrily in the light of the single bulb. Jim lay in there, probably calmly asleep. Well, now she would learn whether fortune tellers ever told the truth. The idea of making the experiment with a man's life intrigued her. Especially as it was Jim's life. She hated him.

Sylvia leveled the revolver at Jim. "Stand to one side," she commanded. "Let me out of here"

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

THE clock on the landing boomed once, faintly, at eleven-thirty. Sylvia turned out her light and went defiantly to sleep. The minutes ticked away. In the house peace reigned, the cares of the day forgotten.

The clock struck twelve. Sylvia awoke abruptly. With its distant echo lingering in her ears, she was conscious of only one thing.

The fatal day had begun.

Within five minutes Sylvia had realized that she would sleep no more that night. Within another five she had become conscious of a faint grating sound just outside. She got out of bed and tiptoed to the window. There was no moon, but plenty of starlight. Jim's room lay around the corner from hers, sharing the end of the house with one that was empty.

Sylvia peered out, but could see nothing. Then, driven by forces she could not control, she made her way into the hall, turned out the lamp there, and let herself into the vacant room next to Jim's.

He was still breathing. Loudly and with healthy enjoyment. Angry at herself, Sylvia glanced out the window. There, just below Jim's window sill, the figure of a man was cautiously working his way up a ladder.

Sylvia's first impulse was to scream. Her next, to be discreet. Even in that first instant's panic she was aware that her own position would involve explanation. She could hear Jim's raucous laughter in the morning.

It was a situation which she must handle for herself. Moving swiftly back to her own room, she seized the first weapons she could find. A pair of shoes. Then, leaning far out the window of the vacant room, she took careful aim.

A miss. But the man turned a white face upward, in time to catch the second shoe in the mouth. He slid down like a fireman, landed heavily and took to his heels.

Sylvia found her hands shaking. When she calmed down somewhat the problem of what to do next confronted her. And so, rather than be laughed at, she decided to stand guard throughout the night.

"Damn him, damn him, damn him!" whispered Sylvia in the silent dark. Then she cried a little from rage and went to get her cigarettes. Her head just above the sill, she seated herself on the floor to wait for morning. In the first light, when she dared, she would have to go down and recover those shoes.

THEN began the long struggle between body and mind with its usual outcome. When at seven o'clock she finally wakened, cramped to agony and with every nerve aching, she found Jim already down and outside, gazing critically at shoes and ladder.

Furthermore, he appeared fresh and rested, even rather handsome in his riding clothes, while Sylvia knew she looked a fright. It was an additional grievance.

"Well, well," said Jim, with a smile that scarcely masked his bewilderment, "I seem to have had visitors last night."

Sylvia gathered up her shoes with dignity, although the effort hurt her aching head.

"What was it," he asked with amiable curiosity, "you said last night about my dying? You were—what I might call definite but not specific. What was the matter, couldn't you get in?"

"No!" snapped Sylvia. She started for the house.

"I'll put the ladder away," called Jim cheerily. "We might as well destroy all the clues."

Sylvia had a cup of coffee in the kitchen and felt slightly better. After all, she had done her duty. Even if Jim had laughed, the consciousness remained that she had helped a fellow creature, however unworthy. Furthermore, the job had been done once and for all. From now on Jim could take care of himself.

"Don't he look cute in his riding suit?" said the cook, waving toward the window.

"No," stated Sylvia, refusing to look. "I hope he breaks his neck!"

While the cook sighed and clucked on that, it occurred to Sylvia that people did break their necks in the hunting field; awful accidents occurred even on bridle paths.

She clattered the cup down and ran, arriving at the stable yard just as Jim mounted.

"Don't!" she shrieked, waving her arms. "Get off him!"

BUT the desired result was accomplished without Jim's help. The horse, an unsophisticated bay, scarcely accustomed to shrieks and wavings of arms, reared and sent his rider neatly into the air, then made for his stall, trembling. Jim took the end of a seven-foot arc on the flat of his back. After a static moment, when neither Sylvia nor the groom moved, he sat up and tried to breathe. It was difficult.

He did not attempt speech, nor did Sylvia. There seemed to be little that she could say. But as Jim finally got onto his feet and started for the house, his glazed eyes were a little frightened. Fifty yards away, he turned and looked back at her. Then he went on, limping.

She caught the groom eying her critically.

"I don't know what the idea was," said he, tucking away a stick of chewing gum, "but you couldn't've done it better with a hand grenade."

Sylvia said nothing. The groom went inside, and eventually she wandered round to the garage. Crane, at least, was a friend. She got a bit of rag and perched herself in the front seat of the limousine, absently shining up dials and gadgets while Crane worked on the outside.

Alone together, and working, they talked as man to man.

"What would you do," asked Sylvia, "if you hated somebody enough to want to murder them, but felt it was your duty not to?"

Crane considered. When he replied, it was final:

"I'd give 'em two drinks, and then I'd put 'em in that there roadster." He waved his rag at the gleaming, bullet-shaped thing. "Then I'd take out one of the brake pins and put a bit of wire in its place, so it'd bust when he went after the brake hard. And then I'd let him finish the job himself."

Sylvia shuddered. Yet the idea had its attractions.

"It would be too bad to wreck that crate, though," she added meditatively.

Crane cleared his throat and appeared several times to be on the verge of speech.

"If it's someone in particular you're thinking of," he said at last, "why, that's the only thing I've got against him. He drives like a crazy man. He's pretty good, but too fast. Don't you go to—"

"I'm not going to do anything," snapped Sylvia. Just then the garage

(Continued on page 32)

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Keeping Texas in the Family

Jim Ferguson has been completely ruined politically several times. He has been accused of assorted crimes and misdemeanors. He has been impeached and deprived of the right to hold public office. And at present he is once more in control of the state of Texas. A persistent fellow. Here's the story of Ma Ferguson's ingenious husband

By Owen P. White

"Here, Governor, sign this!"

IF THERE is any man in the United States who knows all about the finer meanings of the phrase "practical politics," which includes, of course, a knowledge of the psychology of the voters and the vulnerability of large tax-paying corporations, that astute gentleman is Mr. James E. Ferguson, who, by grace of his obliging wife's inaugural oath, is now serving his second term as irresponsible proxy-governor of the very bewildered and very sheepish but, none the less, very grand old state of Texas.

For Texas actually is sheepish and bewildered. It ought to be, because when it sent Ma back from the limelight of her campaign to the obscurity of the flower-beds and the preserving-kettles of the Executive Mansion, and when it reinstalled Pa in the power and glory of the governor's office in the state capitol, it didn't get at all what it wanted: it merely took what it could get: what Jim Ferguson said it could have.

Now how can this be? How has it come to pass that the manhood of Texas —a glorified manhood which enjoys thinking of itself as perpetually arrayed in such masculine equipment as an eight-gallon hat, a pair of high-heeled boots and plenty of six-shooters—has for the second time within a decade allowed itself to be herded into Fergusonism's corral and has there submitted, although bawling lustily, while Pa slapped on the hot iron which marked it with the misleading and ridiculous MA brand?

How does Jim do it? But he says he doesn't do it. In the smoke-filled and unswept employment office which Pa opened in Austin for the distribution of patronage the day after the votes for Ma were counted and which was so filled with deserving job-seekers that it took me two whole days to elbow my way up to the mercy seat, Pa asserted that it was the efforts of Ma's enemies that reëlected her this last time.

"Why," he said, "all I did was let Ross Sterling and Dan Moody alone"—Pa generally refers to these two former governors of Texas as The Big Fat Boy and Greasy Dan—"and they did the job for me. As long as they were out speaking they were making votes for Mrs. Ferguson and so I didn't have to worry. Fact is, if they had tried to run out on me I'd have been willing to pay either one of them twenty dollars a day and expenses to keep them going. They were that good."

Now this estimate of Pa's as to the cash value to him of the oratorical services of ex-Governors Sterling and Moody, who occupied his throne during the interregnum and who both waged campaigns of hatred against his return to power, is, as I was informed by many tearful Texans, so inadequate as to be almost insulting. They were both worth much more to him than the amounts he has set opposite their names. Furthermore, as he himself remarked, he would certainly have been justified in handing out large chunks of his campaign funds to certain eminent Texas editors who, taking their cue from the two governors and dipping their pens in vitriol, wrote him and his past career up in truly resplendent Texas style.

How to Elect Your Opponent

This was poor politics in that it was just so much water poured over Pa's wheel for him. The more the ex-governors and the editors said and wrote about him the madder his followers became. And as Jim Ferguson holds in his capacious vest pocket the votes of some 270,000 creek-bottom and cotton-patch citizens, their accumulated rage develops a force which any wise and astute politician would do well to take seriously into account.

One, and only one, wise politician has taken this force into account. That wise one is Pa Ferguson. So far as I can recall he is the only Texas politician who has ever been smart enough—if you can call such an action a smart one —to divide the voters of the state into two groups, an upper and a lower, and then by deliberately antagonizing the upper group bind the lower one to himself with hoops of steel. That, however, is exactly what he has done, and now in order that we may understand the process we shall go back to the beginning of his career and watch him as he welds the bands.

Outside of the commonplace facts that, true to the almost statutory requirements for future greatness, Jim Ferguson was born on a farm, attended public school and then spent several years gazing at the south end of a mule as he drove it north, there was nothing in the young man's early life to indicate that he would ever amount to much. When he got tired of viewing the scenery as aforesaid he migrated to Denver and secured a job as a hotel bell-hop. When he next switched professions it was to become a hop picker in California, and right there we begin to scent the malty odor of future accomplishments. However, as quite a few years elapsed between the days when Jim picked hops in California and the time when he lined up the brewers thereof in Texas, we will go on with the narrative.

Leaving California, Jim returned to Texas, went to work as a bridge hand for a railroad company and, while so employed, squandered neither his money nor his time. The first he saved; the latter he spent in the study of the law —and in 1897 he was admitted to the bar. That the Lone Star Bar (and I am not here referring to a saloon) gained anything in the way of legal lore when it admitted the young man to practice may be seriously questioned, but that it gained tremendously in personality is not to be denied.

Mr. Ferguson had personality; he also had plenty of good, sound, money-making sense as was evidenced by the fact that within ten years he had become the owner of an abstract business, a bank, a good farm and a large breeding ranch. During this decade he had also acquired another asset which has since turned out to be of more value to him than all his other riches. On December 31, 1899, Miss Miriam Wallace of Bell County promised to love, honor and obey him, and she has certainly done so.

Jim Decides to Be Governor

Wherefore it next befell that being thus equipped with all the comforts calculated to make a man a worthy citizen —health, wealth and a loyal wife—Mr. James E. Ferguson moved to Temple, where he had organized the Temple State Bank, and there sat himself down to the enjoyment of the quiet, neighborly pleasures of a small town. But this didn't last long. Six years of innocuous desuetude was enough for a man who had been a mule skinner, a hop picker and a bridge builder, and so with practically no warning whatever he suddenly, in 1914, did a most amazing thing. Figuratively speaking, it was this: having convened himself into a one-man convention, and having addressed that convention upon the subject of his own merits, he then put the question to himself and unanimously adopted the following resolution:

"Whereas I, James E. Ferguson, am as well qualified to be Governor of Texas as any other man; and, Whereas I am not in favor of prohibition and never will be; and, Whereas I am in favor of a square deal for the tenant farmer: Therefore Be It Resolved that I will be elected."

He was. It was all a most astounding procedure. Without the backing of a single one of the party leaders this unknown young man from Temple—Jim was then only forty-three years old —won the Democratic nomination from Colonel Thomas H. Ball, an experienced politician who had served several terms in the national Congress and who

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Keystone-Underwood

Governor Ferguson, in 1925, signing the bill which granted political amnesty to her husband, James E. Ferguson, impeached ex-governor

Keystone-Underwood

The famous Fergusons—"Ma," governor of Texas, and "Pa," her husband and unofficial adviser

was waging his campaign for the governorship on a platform in which he declared he would drive the brewers and the bartenders, and all those who patronized or sympathized with them, outside the boundaries of the state.

This ringing declaration was enough for the energetic and the astute Jim to go to work on. He could see something in the situation that the party leaders couldn't see and he at once took advantage of it. In those days the Texas dry forces were not so well organized as the Texas Liquor Dealers Association and, as the *then* existing laws were quite satisfactory to the latter, Jim saw that he could win the support of every large brewery in the state—and there were several of them—as well as that of all sincere and honest drinkers, of whom there were also quite a number, by merely asserting his neutrality. He did so.

"If I am elected," he announced, "I will veto *any* bill that has to do with the liquor business, no matter from what source it comes."

With the wet and dry problem thus easily disposed of, Jim headed for the creek bottoms and the cotton patches to win for himself the hearts of the farmers. He won them. Leaving behind him the banker, the lawyer and the other more cultured parts of himself, he invaded the agricultural sections and made homely speeches, the echoes of which are still ringing throughout Texas.

Briefly, the theme of these speeches was that the tenant farmers of Texas—and 67 per cent of the farmers of the state are still tenants—were being oppressed and overtaxed by the land owners. "We *poor* fellows must stick together;" that was Jim's text, and his promise to the poor fellows was that if they would elect him governor he would secure the passage of a bill limiting the landlords' share of the crops to one fourth of the cotton and one third of the grain.

These were welcome words to an impoverished people. Hence, despite the fact that practically every intelligent man in the state knew that the scheme was unworkable because it was in violation of the sacred right of contract, the cry that spread like a prairie fire was "We want Farmer Jim." Of course they got him. They voted for him in droves, and because of this farm support and also because there was a drive then on in Texas—one can easily guess who fostered it—"to send the Political Preachers back to their Pulpits," Jim was able to beat the dry Colonel Ball in the primary by the neat little majority of 65,000 votes, while in the fall election he snowed his Republican opponent so completely under that that gentleman's name is now forgotten.

Then came January, 1915, and with it Jim Ferguson's first inauguration. It was a noble function and nobly did he rise to it. Standing on the platform and gazing out at the vast sea of suntanned farmers' faces upturned before him, he said in a voice choked with emotion:

"If you love me as I love you
No knife can cut our love in two."

There is nothing like that in all history. It defies comparison.

One Blame Thing All the Time

Governor Jim's first two years in office were, as he said himself, "not just one blame thing after another but one blame thing all the time." Probably that's true. Job-seekers and a Mexican revolution which was then on probably did keep Jim humping; but, apart from the necessity of attending to the details of those difficulties, he doesn't appear to have done much. No, that's wrong. Upon second thought it appears that he did a great deal; not for the state, however, but for Jim Ferguson.

By reiterating his threat to veto *any* liquor legislation that might be passed he kept any from appearing and thereby held the brewers in line behind him, and did the same thing with the tenant-farmers by securing for them the passage of the promised bill. That this act, as had been predicted for it, was later cast out by the Supreme Court as unconstitutional has in no way alienated the affections of the farmers. They clung. And consequently when he came up for reëlection in 1916 he again had their undivided support, and along with it that of the nefarious element that was in the beer business.

It was right at the beginning of Governor Jim's second term, after he had discovered a second method of binding the lower stratum of society to him by insulting the upper, that the pyrotechnics were turned loose and the martyrdom of impeachment was thrust upon him.

This whole thing, and I have it before me in detail in a closely printed 863-page book, was very thrilling. Briefly the story is this: Early in 1917 Governor Jim, who had always promised his creek-bottom supporters that he was going to spend more money on little red schoolhouses for their kids and less for the benefit of the children of the high-toned folks who attended the state university, vetoed the appropriation for the latter institution and with his veto turned in a message that was a bombshell.

In that message, and in the discussion which followed it, Governor Jim left very little unsaid. He asserted that the president of the university should be fired because he was a sectarian preacher; that other members of the faculty were liars and grafters, while yet others were padding their pay rolls and were disloyal to their state government. Furthermore, he declared that he was opposed to fraternities, whose wealthy members lived in palatial homes and ate in style while the poor students dwelt in rooming houses and consumed eleven- and twelve-cent meals at the "co-op."

In a way it was all comic-opera stuff and yet it was very serious. Governor Jim's was the voice of the Forgotten Man calling for a square deal from the cotton patch; the one that answered him was that of the students and the ex-students' associations, calling on him in a mob, as he said, making faces at him and in the end demanding that his official conduct be investigated and that he be impeached.

Jim Loses a Good Job

This impeachment trial lasted sixty days. The high spot was reached when it was shown that Governor Jim, having gotten himself into a financial tangle and having, according to his accusers, violated the banking law by lending practically the entire capital stock of his own bank at Temple to himself on notes which were not signed by him, but which he guaranteed, had finally applied to some unknown angel for aid.

That angel came through nobly by providing the distressed governor with $156,000 in cash, a large part of which lay unguarded for weeks in a drawer in a wooden desk in the capitol.

This had a suspicious look. So did a lot of other things. In all, ten out of twenty-one charges which had been made against Governor Jim were sustained by the Senate, which on September 24, 1917, pitched him headlong out of office and forever disqualified him from holding any post of honor, trust or profit under the state of Texas.

But this was by no means the end of Jim Ferguson. On the contrary, it was just his beginning. He was gone, but, as an admiring poet said of him, "He won't stay gone." The poet was right. Reincarnated in the form of an editor and publishing the Ferguson Forum, a weekly aimed squarely at the creek bottoms and the cotton patches and intended to convince its readers that he had been crucified in their behalf but

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Amateur Bride

By George Agnew Chamberlain

The Story Thus Far:

JOHN WRIGHT, noted mining engineer, is well aware that Margaret Schuyler, whom he loves, regards him as a brutal boor, loathes him. Nevertheless, he asks her to marry him. A member of New York's smartest society, the girl is poor. The wealthy Henry Morton, to whom she has been virtually engaged, has apparently (for some mysterious reason) dropped her. She is desperate, beside herself. She marries Wright!

In her new home a strange situation develops. Wright, a fascinating personality—dominant, brutal, brilliant—tries boldly to win her love. She remains cold, distant, aloof. And presently she learns, and John Wright learns, that Morton still loves her, is grief-stricken by her marriage. . . . Lord Ashby, Wright's closest friend, arrives on the scene. He implores Wright to go to the Dos Picos mine, in Mexico, where an expert is badly needed. Wright (understanding perfectly the relationship between his wife and Morton, and realizing how dangerous a rival Morton might be) goes.

While he is away, Margaret and Henry Morton are together constantly. And Morton—handsome, rich, cultured, an important figure in society—hopes to win back the girl he has lost. . . .

Worn out by the hard work at the Dos Picos, Wright returns to New York. . . . At the Line Club a strange experience awaits him. Henry Morton comes to him, confesses that he has been seeing Margaret a great deal—is madly in love with her! Wright, a master strategist, is not at all disturbed. On the contrary, he sees to it that Morton and Mrs. John Wright are thrown together frequently. . . . Margaret is to go to the opera—with Morton (at Wright's suggestion). While waiting for him, she and Wright discuss him. Wright admits his good points. While enumerating his bad ones, Morton enters, overhears him. "Well, Morton," Wright says genially, "how do you feel about it?" Morton freezes. "I'd feel a lot better," he says coldly, "if you had on a clean shirt."

VII

"MARGARET," asked Morton on an afternoon a week or two later, "what's his game? What do you think he's up to?"

"I don't know," said Margaret thoughtfully.

"He hasn't always been like this, has he?"

"No."

"I can't understand it."

"Neither can I."

"I don't mean that; I'm thinking of you—how you could ever have married him."

She gave him a sidelong glance. "It was quite simple. I told you why I did it."

"I know." He had been standing; now he sat down. "How ghastly! What a fool I was! I don't know it any better than I did that awful minute when I read the news, but somehow I keep seeing it clearer and clearer. The more I'm with you like this—not fussing, just talking—the bigger becomes the fool I was."

"What's the use?" murmured Margaret. "Don't work yourself up."

"There's every use in the world—to me, I mean. I know, better than you do, better than anybody else can possibly know, that I'm in danger of doing it all over again. I've got to get things straightened out and the first thing to do is to take a look at myself—to try to see myself. Do you mind if I ask you an academic question?"

"No."

"You've let me believe you would have married me, but were you ever honest-to-goodness in love with me? You thought so once, but do you think so still?"

"That's not academic," said Margaret quickly—"it's an impertinence."

He gave her a blank look which alone would have absolved him. "I didn't mean it that way," he assured her. "What does it matter now, unless—" He came to a sudden stop.

"Unless what?"

"Unless it does matter!"

SHE looked at him steadily. "Now I have to answer," she said coldly. "I loved you for nine years—the sort of final love a girl gives to a man who steps into her open heart and closes the door behind him. John Wright didn't open the closed door; I opened it myself. I didn't know I was doing it, I hadn't known I could. When I married him it was as if I had given a great push and suddenly found myself outside. Since then I've been free; I've loved nobody—not even myself."

"Yet he's a handsome brute," said Morton gloomily. "He has moments when you'd think—"

She sprang to her feet. "Stop! That's more than impertinence—it has all the marks of nasty prying."

"Why, Margaret! What on earth is there to get so excited about? Who has any secrets nowadays? There aren't any. There's nothing you can't and don't talk about. There's only one padlock left on the mouth of the world and that isn't related even by marriage to morals. It's hurt pride, and since your pride can't possibly be involved, I can't see where I made such a terrible break."

Margaret controlled herself by a visible effort and sat down. "No," she said with sudden apathy, "I suppose not."

Robert came in, wheeling a barrow laden with glasses, a decanter and a frosted shaker. He served cocktails and went out. A few minutes later Wright entered, nodded and went straight to the barrow. He unstoppered the decanter, started to pour from it, then stopped and lifted it to his nose.

"Robert!" he thundered.

Margaret started as if a bomb had exploded in the room; for an instant her hands trembled acutely. "The bell, please, Henry," she managed to say; then she turned to Wright. "What's wrong, John?"

He did not answer but waited with his eyes on the door until Robert hurriedly opened it and entered. "What's the matter with you?" roared Wright. "Are you an eight-day clock? Do I have to wind you up every Saturday night before you take your bath? Don't you know the difference between Scotch and rye?"

"I'm sorry, sir," murmured Robert, his voice tremulous. "I thought I had brought the rye."

"There you go—thinking again! What are you standing there for? Get out, get the rye."

ROBERT went. Wright started pacing up and down, glass in hand. Morton stood beside the bell, wishing he were near enough to the door to slip out. Margaret had taken on a cataleptic pose, her face white, her eyes set blankly against the wall. Here it was again. What should she do? Only this was worse, made worse by Henry's presence. She dreaded Robert's return, yet it occurred so silently she did not know he was back in the room *until he spoke:*

"Shall I serve you, sir?"

"No," said Wright shortly. "Go read a book."

With Robert's departure Margaret rose swiftly to her feet and faced about. "That was a brutal way to act, John," she began in a tense voice. "It was cowardly. You hit a man when you knew he couldn't hit back."

"So he's a man now, is he?" said Wright, pouring himself a stiff, straight drink.

"Perhaps because you weren't. No—that isn't what I wanted to say." Her hand went to her throat. "I wish I could talk as well as you do. I wish I could make you understand that there's a dignity which all of us, masters and servants, own together. You simply can't talk to people as you talked to Robert without destroying something which belongs to me and to him as well as to you."

Wright stood watching them, his motionless bulk framed in the narrow entrance of the stairway

"You're doing fine," said Wright, raising his glass against the light. "Bet you can't keep it up."

"Every man who acts toward his subordinates as you do," Margaret rushed on, "is asking for trouble he never need have had. There's a point—there must be—where vulgarity will breed revolt as surely as luxury ever did, where the common will turn on what is common."

"So you're out for a revolution of the masses!" muttered Wright as he poured down his drink at a gulp. "Parlor socialism," he continued almost without a break. "I have about as much use for it as I have for patchouli. Render unto the long-haired the long-haired idea—but to me it will always be something I don't like to find in the soup."

"Everything you say is brutal," murmured Margaret, regarding him with wide eyes.

"All common sense is brutal if you butt your head against it," said Wright. "If you don't, it's as soft as a bed of roses. Since you think manners are so important, here's one for you to answer: Whom do the servants prefer in this house, you or me?"

"They are for you, first, last and all the time," said Margaret, frowning. "Yes; I'll admit that's strange. It's something I can't understand any more than I can remember why I married you."

"My dear!" cried Wright. "In the presence of Henry?"

"I'm glad you brought me into it," said Morton. "The reason you talk the way you do hasn't anything to do with frankness, or common sense, or anything else that's decent. It's more like a tumor of self-esteem, a disease you would never have caught if you weren't so big you've never come across anyone strong enough to horsewhip you."

"Quite a speech," said Wright, pouring himself another drink. "I congratulate you, Henry. What's more, you're about right. There wouldn't be any way of handicapping a fight between you and me, for instance. If I were tied hand and foot all I'd have to do would be to puff and you'd go floating away on your butterfly wings." He turned to his wife and bowed. "Margaret, I'm afraid I've been uncouth. The way you spoke leads me to think I have offended you. Is there anything I could do to make it right?"

"Yes," said Margaret, still too earnest to read the danger signal in his mock humility; "you could apologize to Robert. You could make up your mind to face little things the way I've sometimes seen you face big ones. You could be a man for more than a few minutes at a time."

"Apologize, eh?" said Wright, his eyes small and hard. "Henry, you're beside the bell. Do you mind touching it?"

HE SAID the words so quietly that Margaret at last felt a cold fear grip her heart. She wished she had not spoken, that she had said nothing from the beginning. But how could she have helped it? What would Morton have thought of her or she have thought of herself if she had been too cowardly to take her stand?

Robert came in. "Did you require something, madam?"

"No; it's me, Robert," said Wright. "I'm the one. Come here." Robert advanced unsteadily, as if his legs had begun to tremble. "Mrs. Wright is of the opinion I was rude to you."

"Yes, sir," murmured Robert by force of habit.

"So you think so too, do you?" Robert was silent, feeling the jaws of the trap closing upon him. His clean-shaven face began to turn to a mottled pink. "Don't blush," pursued Wright. "I'm the one who should do the blushing. I'm going to ask you to forgive me, Robert. Do you forgive me?"

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"Yes, sir," breathed Robert so faintly that only the intense silence made the words audible.

"Splendid; now raise your cheek—the left one," said Wright as he started to bend downward, his hands clasped behind his back.

"John!" gulped Margaret. "John!"

"Lay off it," snapped Morton. "Not even you could—"

BUT Wright was not to be stopped. The sullen blood was surging back and forth through the length and breadth of his body, yet no sign of his inner commotion showed on the surface. His face assumed a beatific smile, incongruous and incredible. He touched Robert's uplifted cheek with his lips and straightened. "That ends the ceremony, Robert; the kiss of peace. You may go." Robert did not go as a butler should; he fled. "Like a rabbit!" exclaimed Wright, as he threw up his head to watch. "He ran like a rabbit!"

Margaret rushed to the door. Seizing its handle, she turned and stood with her back to it, one hand outthrown against the wall. "Oh, oh!" she gasped. "I can never forgive that! You're low! You're vile! You think you have brains, but you're stupid. There was a moment when you could have made me love you, but thank God, you were too blind, too thick-witted, to see it. How could you? Oh, how could you! Never! Never any more!"

The door slammed behind her. Wright turned his vacant gaze on Morton. "I must have annoyed her," he said. "What about you, Henry? How do you feel?"

"I feel like a worm," said Morton. "If I were a man I'd go out for a gun, come back and shoot you. The funny thing is they'd actually punish me for doing it—send me to the chair! Can you think of anything that would be funnier than being punished for that?"

"No," said Wright heavily, "I can't."

He started to leave the room, swayed and almost fell; then he steadied himself and went out. Morton thought he was drunk. He was drunk, but not on liquor. He was drunk on success. On this day he had put the final touches to a gigantic piece of work, a deal that would make his name ring again down the halls of high finance. He had given all he had—strength, brains and courage. He had fought like a badger, eyes, teeth and claws to the front. Before the news broke he had remembered every friend and helper from the highest to the lowest; he had seen that they all got in on the ground floor. All but himself. He hadn't had time. Perhaps he hadn't cared enough or had been too tired. Anyway he had failed to give Peter Stevens the order that would have doubled his money in fewer hours than it had taken him years to save what he had.

MORTON stared at the door through which Wright had disappeared. A few minutes ago he would have given a good deal to be near enough to it to have slipped out unnoticed, but now that the way was open he had no intention of leaving. He had been profoundly shocked. Only once before in his life had be been so shaken and that was on the morning when his monotonous existence had been rocked by the news of Margaret's marriage.

He had been put to the test once before and had failed, perhaps because he had been too slow-witted to realize he was on trial. Now some test was upon him again, but this time he was forewarned. He waited where he was without knowing why he waited, but determined to stay until he found out.

Robert, once more the complete butler, came in to announce dinner, but was somewhat taken aback to find nobody in the living-room except an uninvited guest. "Are you staying for dinner, sir?"

"Dinner?" asked Morton vapidly, like one who had thought it was lunch or breakfast time. "No. I don't know. I don't think so."

"Yes, sir," murmured Robert and started to go.

"One minute, Robert," said Morton, at last awake. "Now that you're here, I wish you'd send a message to Mrs. Wright through her maid. I wish you would say I shall wait until I see her."

Robert bowed and went out. Morton started walking up and down, his hands behind his back and his eyes on the floor. It was a mild spring evening and one of the high windows in the drawing-room was partially open. A breeze swayed the hangings inward fitfully. Each time he came to the turn his downcast eyes caught a glimpse of this motion and it appeared to be beckoning, inviting him to leave the house. When Margaret finally came down, still in the tailored suit she had worn in the afternoon but with her hair newly done and her face freshened, he was standing with his back definitely set toward the open window.

"WELL, Henry," she said, walking to a position between the fireplace and the couch before she turned to face him, "what is it?"

"I couldn't go after what happened without seeing you, Margaret. It isn't the sort of thing you can ignore and forget."

"Can't you? What else is there to do about it?"

"Some people say there's no such

(Continued on page 45)

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

Morton's arms tightened. As though at a signal Margaret raised her face

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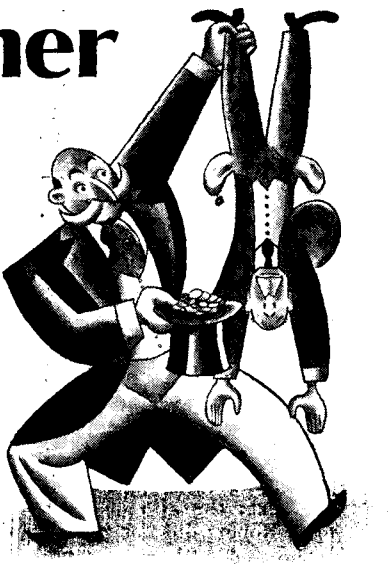
When Other Fellows Get Together

By Don Marquis



"That's the old-fashioned European method of bill collection"

IF THERE wasn't any war debts, or if somebody found out a way to pay 'em," said the Old Soak, "just think how terrible that would be on the Statesmen of the world! For years and years now the perfession of Statesmanship has growed and fattened on them there debts! Take 'em away, and all them Statesmen would sink back into bein' just ordinary politicians and officeholders. When I look back on what a cheap class of Statesmanship there was in the world before them debts stimulated all the Statesmen to do their best, I feel ashamed.

"If Guatemala or Chile or any of them little countries where the aviators stop for gas and oil owed all them billions to the big European countries Europe would hand her bills to three or four vice and rear admirals and say: 'Take some fleets and get it; and if you don't come back with the cash, foreclose on some real estate—what the heck, debts is debts! Take the customs duties in part payment, and if they ain't enough, make 'em buy more goods from us so the customs duties will be bigger! Business is business! And if they say it's gonna make international difficulties, tell 'em that's their liver complaint and not ours.'

"THAT'S the old fashioned, reg'lar European method of bill collection that's been used for hundreds and hundreds of years, and it's one thing that's made the world what it is today, spreadin' the joys and benefits of European civilization all the way from Alpha to Omega, from Dan to Beersheba, over half this here entire human universe.

"But Europe has got a good deal kinder, and more lenient and better-natured in her feelin's with regard to debt collection since it is her that owes the debts. She sees the other feller's point of view about debts since she has become the other feller.

"Personal, I never had much doubt from the first that I was gonna have to pay my own share of them debts, plus three other fellers' share somewheres in Europe whose names I can't pronounce. But I ain't stingy. I figger I'm buyin' tickets to the greatest Statesmanship show that's ever been put on.

"I've watched Statesmen the world over, as reported in the newspapers, which are sometimes pretty near right about some things, for a good many years. And it's my opinion that the old-time Statesman was apt to get excited too easy. He drunk too much light wines and beer and not enough hard liquor to keep his elements steady.

"That's the way the Big War started. Some bird with whiskers and a hangover comes in to see the Umpire of the Austro-Hungarious league whilst the Umpire is tryin' to eat a soft-boiled egg and wonderin' why breakfast always tastes so bad, and says: 'Your Majesty, them Serbians is boilin' with anarchy again; they just got another Dook out of the Dook Season, and they insist on executin' the assassins themselves, instead of leavin' it to me and you.'

"'ALL right,' says the Umpire, 'write 'em a note and tell 'em they're abolished. And declare war on Russia. What the heck is the matter with all the hens in this country? I ain't had an egg that tasted right in a year. Declare war on England, too! I'll betcha that egg come from the Balkans somewhere. Abolish the Balkans! Fire the cook, and tell Italy I expect her to stand by me to the last man! I'm gonna start a chicken farm myself and show some of these goofs how to raise eggs! Declare war on Belgium and the United States! Here I set year in and year out, wearin' my brain to the bone with problems of Statesmanship, and I can't even get a bite of breakfast that tastes right! I'm gonna change all that!'

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

"I never had much doubt from the first I was gonna have to pay my share of them debts"

"That was the old-time Statesmanship. But it was so excited and nervous all the time that it got too active for its pocketbook; it could start more trouble over firin' a cook or puttin' a Dook on the spot than it could pay for in three lifetimes. So the new Statesmanship has organized itself entirely around them there debts, and is more happy and contented and peaceful, and ain't got the blood pressure it used to have.

"If I was the Umpire of this here country I'd gather all my Statesmen around me, and I'd say to them:

"'Well, gents, it looks like we're gonna be *forced* to do what we really oughta done all the time—take George Washington's advice, an' paddle our own canoe. If the rest of the world don't want to trade with us, let's raise all we need to eat and wear and build with, and get along thataway. This here country is gonna have a spell of what the highbrows calls narrow-mindedness. It's gonna have a spell of bein' for America first.

"'In the meantime, let the war debts ramble along. They'll keep you Statesmen from bein' too brilliant along lines that might get us into trouble. If they want to pay a little on 'em from time to time, all right, let 'em do it. But leave the bulk of 'em lay—the debtors won't object to that. They'll furnish a good safety valve for excess Statesmanship.'"

A BULLETIN FROM ARCHY
THE COCKROACH

as a representative
of the insect world
i have often wondered
on what man bases his claims
to superiority
everything he knows he has had
to learn whereas we insects are born
knowing everything we need to know
for instance man had to invent
airplanes before he could fly
but if a fly cannot fly
as soon as he is hatched
his parents kick him out and disown him
i should describe the human race
as a strange species of bipeds
who cannot run fast enough
to collect the money
which they owe themselves
as far as government is concerned
men after thousands of years practice
are not as well organized socially
as the average ant hill or beehive
they cannot build dwellings
as beautiful as a spiders web
and i never saw a city
full of men manage to be as happy
as a congregation of mosquitoes
who have discovered a fat man
on a camping trip
as far as personal beauty
is concerned who ever saw
man woman or child
who could compete with a butterfly
if you tell a dancer
that she is a firefly
she is complimented
a musical composer
is all puffed up with pride
if he can catch the spirit
of a summer night full of crickets
man cannot even make war
with the efficiency and generalship
of an army of warrior ants
and he has done little else
but make war for centuries
make war and wonder
how he is going to pay for it
man is a queer looking gink
who uses what brains he has
to get himself into trouble with
and then blames it on the fates
the only invention man ever made
which we insects do not have
is money and he gives up
everything else to get money
and then discovers that it is not worth
what he gave up to get it
in his envy he invents
insect exterminators
but in time every city he builds
is eaten down by insects
what i ask you is babylon now
it is the habitation of fleas
also nineveh and tyre
humanitys culture consists
in sitting down in circles
and passing the word around
about how darned smart humanity is
i wish you would tell
the furnace man at your house
to put out some new brand
of roach paste i do not get
any kick any more out of the brand
he has been using the last year
formerly it pepped me up
and stimulated me
i have a strange tale about
mehitabel to tell you
more anon

archy

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Illustrated by J. E. Allen

He found himself face to face with the black horseman. The Moorish scimitar swung at him

The Lion's Daughter

Clank of armor, clash of swords, whisper of intrigue—a love story of old Spain

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

DON CARLOS DE ULOA, Capitan General of the King's armies against the rebellious Moors of Granada, stood before His Majesty of Spain and waited for the royal word of command. He stood straight as a lance, a little more proudly than became one in the presence of a sovereign—but, then, it was never Don Carlos' way to be afraid.

"The strongest man in Spain," some court wit had dubbed him, "because he hath no weaknesses."

It was for that they hated him—even the King, who at this very moment should have been much in Don Carlos' debt. But the young Capitan General, not yet out of his thirtieth year, knew that his popularity had pyramided too high. He knew that the day when he had returned, victorious from the campaign, and the Prince Felipe—a child in his early teens—had come running to meet him, heedless of court etiquette, and had flung his arms about him crying out, "Thou art the greatest man in Spain!"—that day, that moment, was the beginning of his downfall. The aging King had no love for the stripling child who would one day take his place upon the throne. But neither could he bear to think that any other superseded him in the boy's affections.

His Majesty leaned forward from the great carven chair with its blazoned shields of Castile and Aragon. His face was lean, malignant, ravished by disease of soul and body. And behind him, in a clustering group of black, stood the velveted courtiers, watching, waiting. . . . There was the Capitan Don Jorge de Reval, florid of face and crafty, longing with all his soul for the high place that Don Carlos had won through sheer merit and the brilliance of his campaigns. . . .

The King was speaking:

"Thanks to Your Grace's efforts—proving beyond a doubt that you are, as my intelligent son averred, 'the greatest man in Spain'—the rebellious Moors of our kingdom have been reduced to obedience and submission. But there is one who hath recently defied our royal mandate that all children of Moorish subjects should be given Christian names, and that the eldest daughter of each household be sent either to a convent or given in marriage to a Christian gentleman of Spain, according to our own disposition in the matter. This rebel Moor is he whom they call 'Ibn Asad'—'Son of the Lion.' Therefore our command to thee, Don Carlos, Marques de Uloa and Capitan General, is that thou art to bring me either the head of Ibn Asad upon the point of a lance, *or the living body of his daughter*, to dispose as I see fit. That is all; you have our leave to go."

THERE was a stirring, rustling sound among the black-velveted courtiers, and their eyes gleamed like the eyes of hungry jackals who know that they shall soon sink their muzzles in the bleeding entrails of their kill. For Ibn Asad, the valiant Moorish chieftain, had never been conquered. From his impregnable castle in the wild mountains of Granada he had successfully defied the Christian armies sent against him.

No man had ever called Don Carlos a coward. His bravery had been proven upon too many fields of battle. There was still a long, half-healed wound upon his cheek, made by a Moorish scimitar. Now in the sudden whiteness of his face it burned like a red crescent moon.

"Your Majesty," he said clearly, "there is surely some error here. Ibn Asad is within his rights in this matter, for by the treaty which we both did sign he was to have full ruling of all things within his own territory. I ask Your Majesty's leniency for this Moorish chieftain, who, infidel though he be, is a warrior than whom there is none greater in Spain. We met in single combat. And although he vanquished me, he spared my life because he said I had slipped and fallen and thus was victim to fate and not to his skill at arms.

"In the truce that followed I learned to know his worth and to respect him deeply. He holds me his friend. It were poor return for the mercy he granted me that day if I were to set upon him now with this new demand. Your Majesty, little remains to him from the late grievous war. But the potency of his name is still great. In my humble opinion, he would be a better friend than enemy; and his head better upon his own shoulders than adorning the point of a lance!"

The jewel-laden hand of the King clenched violently. His lips were pulled back from his teeth. In all of his dominions he knew no man who would dare to speak as Don Carlos de Uloa had just spoken. "Thou hast my commands! Go! And come not back to Madrid unless thou dost come in obedience. Otherwise—'the greatest man in Spain' will be allowed to test his strength at trying to break an iron chain in a dungeon of the Inquisition prison!"

Don Carlos could only bow and retreat step by step backward to the door of the Audience Chamber. The scar from the Moorish scimitar was less painful and burning than the deeper scar from the slash of a monarch's ingratitude.

A door, opening suddenly on the corridor, checked his slow, heavy footsteps. A slim, stripling boy, with face and body much too thin, ran out and flung his arms about him. It was the Prince, Felipe.

"Whither goest thou, Carlos? I have waited so long! Thou didst promise me that today we would ride, and that thou wouldst give me another lesson in the handling of the sword!"

DON CARLOS put his arm about the pitifully thin shoulders with their rich velvet coverings. His heart went out to the lonely child of a king who, despite his exalted birth, was strangely forlorn and neglected in the great, unfriendly palace.

"Not today, Your Highness," he answered, trying to speak lightly. "I am sent to Granada to assail the castle of Ibn Asad."

The boy gave a cry, as if the speaking of the name had been a knife thrust.

"Ibn Asad? Ah, it is that terrible Moorish warrior who rides in black armor, and is more fierce than the lion for which he is named! Do not go, Carlos mio, thou wilt never come back! Thou art my only friend! Thou and my groom, Juan Segoya, are the only ones to whom I can speak without knowing that my every word is carried to my father! Do not go, Carlos."

Don Carlos smiled. A mistiness had come into his stern, dark eyes.

"I must go, Your Highness," he said, and released the child's clinging hands.

A step echoed behind them in the corridor. The Capitan Don Jorge de Reval came forward, bowing as he saw the Prince, but with a look of secret triumph for Don Carlos.

"Señor Commandante, I am ordered by His Majesty the King to accompany

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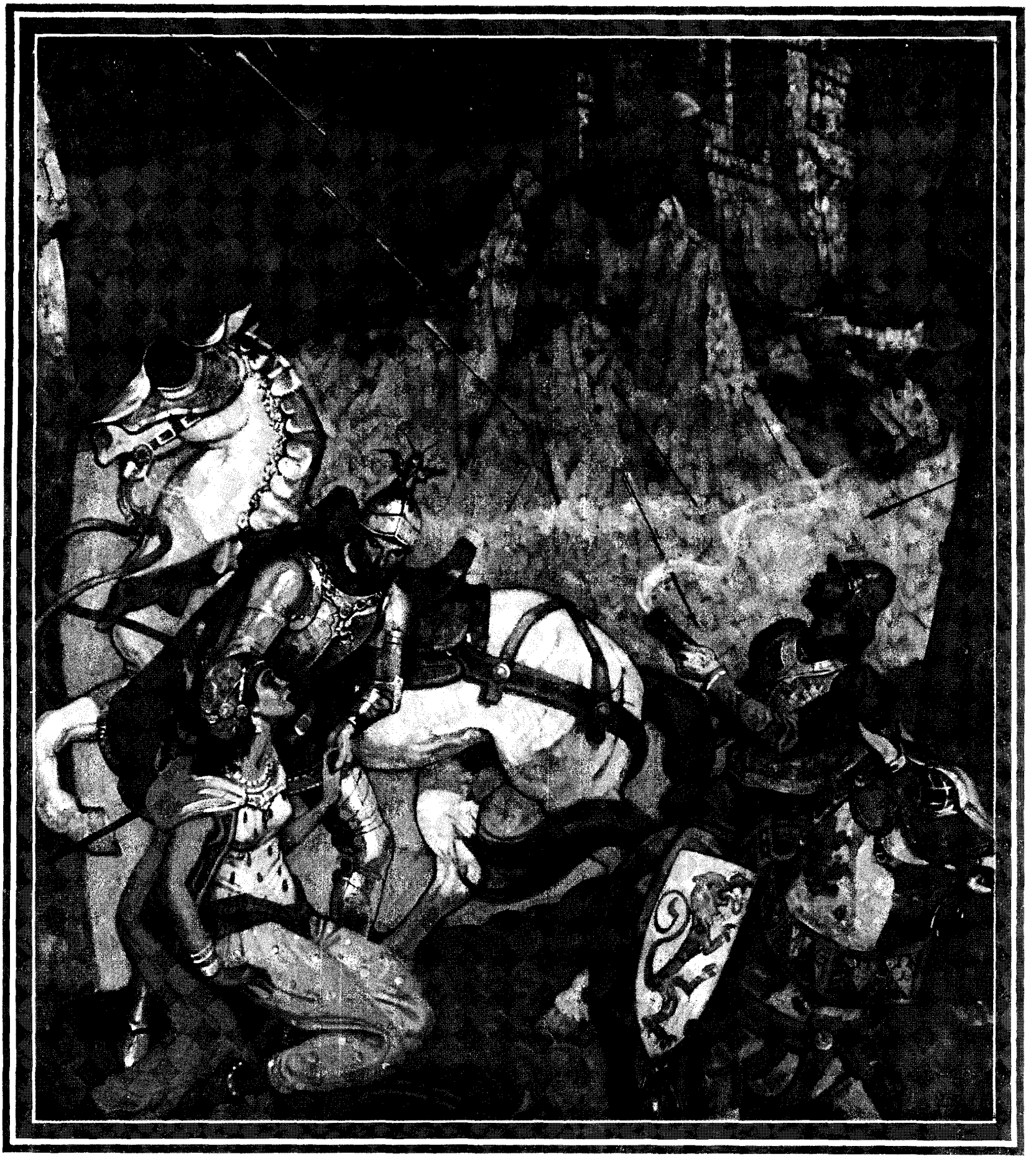

Don Carlos hastily lifted her amid a shower of arrows from the bowmen above

Your Grace upon this expedition. No doubt the news will be pleasing to you."

"As pleasing as the expedition itself," Don Carlos retorted bluntly.

At the end of the long corridor, Don Carlos turned. The thin, forlorn figure of the royal child was pressed against the jamb of the doorway. He was sobbing. There was no one to comfort him.

IT WAS the fifth day of the siege. The gaunt castle, perched high upon the summit of the mountain, frowned down upon the clustered Spanish force with insolent, taunting assurance. The soldiers had tried—half-heartedly—to take it by assault, but the one rocky passageway was narrow, and superlatively guarded. It was clear that not one of the soldiers of Spain had any great stomach for the enterprise.

Suddenly a bugle blared. A soldier, barehead and panting, stumbled in through the opened door of the tent.

"The Moors!" he gasped out. "They are making a sortie!"

In a moment the Spanish camp was in confusion. Don Carlos vaulted to the back of his snow-white horse, and as he did so the Moorish horsemen were upon them!

In the lead was the huge black stallion of Ibn Asad. The dark figure, in its jetty chain armor, the turreted casque of the Moslem warrior, and the closed visor of half a century gone, loomed like a phantom of night in the midst of the white-robed Arabs.

DON CARLOS, with a word of command to his men, spurred forward. But *he was alone!* Someone else had given a countercommand—the Spanish soldiers were in riotous retreat!

Don Carlos was engulfed by the screaming swirl of the Moorish horsemen. Cut off from his own men, he fought desperately; teeth clenched, his long sword swinging from right to left, like the furious, deadly stroke of a scythe mowing down a field of wheat, lifting himself in the stirrups the better to wield the long, keen blade . . . wheeling, warding off the flailing of scimitar blows—cutting down the blades that lunged at him. Suddenly he found himself face to face with the black horseman. A feeling of shame smote him. This man, Ibn Asad, had spared his life. Now he came as an enemy, on a pretext of falseness. . . . The Moorish scimitar swung at him. He parried it with his sword, and sent the curved blade flashing from the mailed hand.

So quick was the action, so unexpectedly easy, that for the instant he was stunned with surprise. And in that

(Continued on page 40)

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Liars' Parade

New York reviews its daily crime in the line-up before Inspector Sullivan. Thousands of crooks, caught in the police dragnet, have trooped across that narrow, brightly lighted stage. There are new faces every morning—and many old ones reappear. It's a weird procession. Come and look

By John B. Kennedy

WHY did you dye your hair, Jimmy?" asked the inspector. "I ain't dyed my hair," said Jimmy.

"No?" said the inspector. He bent sideways from the microphone in his brass-railed pulpit as he faced Jimmy standing on a platform before another microphone twenty feet away. Jimmy was silhouetted front-face against a white wall, its blankness sliced by parallel lines which measure height.

"I'm looking at your photo from the rogues' gallery, Jimmy," said the inspector. "You were a blond when last we met."

"There must be a mistake," said Jimmy.

"There is," said the inspector. "And you made it. You've been caught again, Jimmy."

A rumble of mirth among two hundred detectives on the floor of this enormous room which some humorist has designated "the gymnasium." There are a solid mass of eyes intent on the fox-faced man, blinking beneath a battery of lights. This is the line-up and Jimmy Jackson is the first queer fish produced by the overnight dragnet of the metropolitan police.

Photo by Geo. P. Higgins

The line-up, where New York City's daily catch of law-breakers, old and new, is sorted out under the watchful eyes of police detectives

Assistant Chief Inspector John J. Sullivan, who presides at the line-up, putting questions to suspected criminals

Assistant Chief Inspector John J. Sullivan is inquisitor. In a strong voice that rasps and booms and occasionally drops into parlor smoothness he puts his questions, standing there, a solid, iron-haired instrument of the law, green-gray eyes betraying in their flash a deep hatred of crime and criminals, a hatred bred by more than thirty years of active enmity against crooks.

Inspector Sullivan bends down to take a record report from a detective standing beside his pulpit. Holding this before him he reads—every syllable biting into the microphone, booming out of it as an operator handles controls at a table midway down the long room against a wall of windows, all blinds drawn.

"1919," reads the inspector, "burglary, Mount Vernon. Two years in Sing Sing. 1923, burglary, loft, Manhattan—discharged. 1924, burglary, Brooklyn—two years, Sing Sing. 1930—homicide, discharged. 1931, burglary—discharged."

The inspector puts the report aside and holds up a rogues' gallery double portrait of Jimmy bearing a serial number like a comic hat on his head.

"Sure enough, James," he intones, "you're in the old family album. Tell us all about this last job."

Jimmy glowers, stubbornly mum. Inspector Sullivan grows angry. This slim, fox-faced man is a type of criminal he especially despises, the chronic thief who will never reform.

Jimmy's cagy silence is evidence that he's been on the wrong side of a police argument times enough to make him wary of utterance.

A voice other than Inspector Sullivan's, less crisp but more menacing—the voice of a detective sitting in the front row behind the inspector, charges:

"We'll take him back to Precinct Twenty-four. There's an apartment-house janitor there who'll refresh his memory."

Jimmy was ordered off the stand into the waiting grip of handcuffs. Jimmy was taken to Precinct Twenty-four to be identified by a janitor who claimed to have caught him in the dumb-waiter of an apartment house just as he was leaving with booty. Jimmy had escaped the janitor, but had been traced through pawn tickets, for every lost or stolen piece of jewelry reported to the police is listed. These lists are supplied to pawnbrokers, with peculiarities of the jewelry noted—a bent or missing prong in a diamond setting, for instance, is sometimes as useful in catching a thief as his thumbprints. The police brought the pawnbroker down to look at their gallery of housebreakers—and the pawnbroker picked out Jimmy. The very same day the police picked up Jimmy. They had seen him before: they knew the poolroom and speakeasy haunts of his kind.

Jimmy was rushed to the line-up to give assembled detectives an opportunity to look him over and refresh their memories in case they had encountered Jimmy before.

He led the Liars' Parade of that particular morning; just as every working day in the year somebody is destined to be lead-off man or woman at Inspector Sullivan's catechism class.

A continuous parade of crime passes before his appraising gaze—men and women from every state, from all countries; men and women of all ages and conditions of disrepute. This line-up is the clearing house of crime for the metropolitan area, and this inspector in charge of detectives is the eyes and voice and memory of the law summoning wrongdoers to account.

It's a question if a person charged with crime and haled to the line-up cannot invoke constitutional rights, obtain a writ of habeas corpus and refuse to be pilloried. Practically, it's difficult to escape the light-flooded stage of the police "gymnasium." Those brought by police to headquarters for the line-up are products of the night's dragnet of felons. They have spent the night in police-station cells, usually when the high court judges, who alone are empowered to interfere with normal police practice, are unavailable to grant bail or issue court orders. The line-up quiz is preliminary to arraignment. Its purpose is to save time and expense by concentrating the detective force in one place where they can see and study those charged with serious crime in case they are able to link them with past offenses and, what is no less important, so that they may become acquainted with the countenances, gait and general physical peculiarities and speech of the arrested so that they may be readily recognizable in future.

Further, the line-up is a means of adducing unsworn testimony from prisoners, which often provides the police with clues to make quick clean-ups in particular crimes; and the process is especially valuable where conspirators are presented together for the first time and led into different and frequently contradictory accounts of their parts in a crime.

The who's who of gangdom, racketeering and organized knavery in general, with multitudes of solo malefactors whose offenses range through the entire catalogue of crime from grand larceny to murder, have had their brief and uncomfortable place in the artificial sun that beats about this stage of the raw and unrehearsed drama of life.

Fifty years ago Chief of Police Joseph Byrne instituted this ordeal, following in line with Scotland Yard's daily identification parade. Then a handful of masked detectives would group about quizzed culprits. Growth in crime and crime detection expanded this police rite. An auditorium was provided and the masks relinquished to avoid star-chamber appurtenances.

One night's catch is much like another, although the demand for admission to the line-up amounts to standing-room-only dimensions after a sensational crime—such as the Snyder-Gray murder, or a wholesale gang slaughter. Society, which finds diversion from the ennui of theater-party and night-club routine by attending sessions of the night courts, picked the line-up as the last touch in entertainment after all-night-ball breakfasts. Commissioner Edward Mulrooney frowned on this practice, so that now the morbidly curious are excluded.

Back of the "gymnasium" are two

(Continued on page 35)

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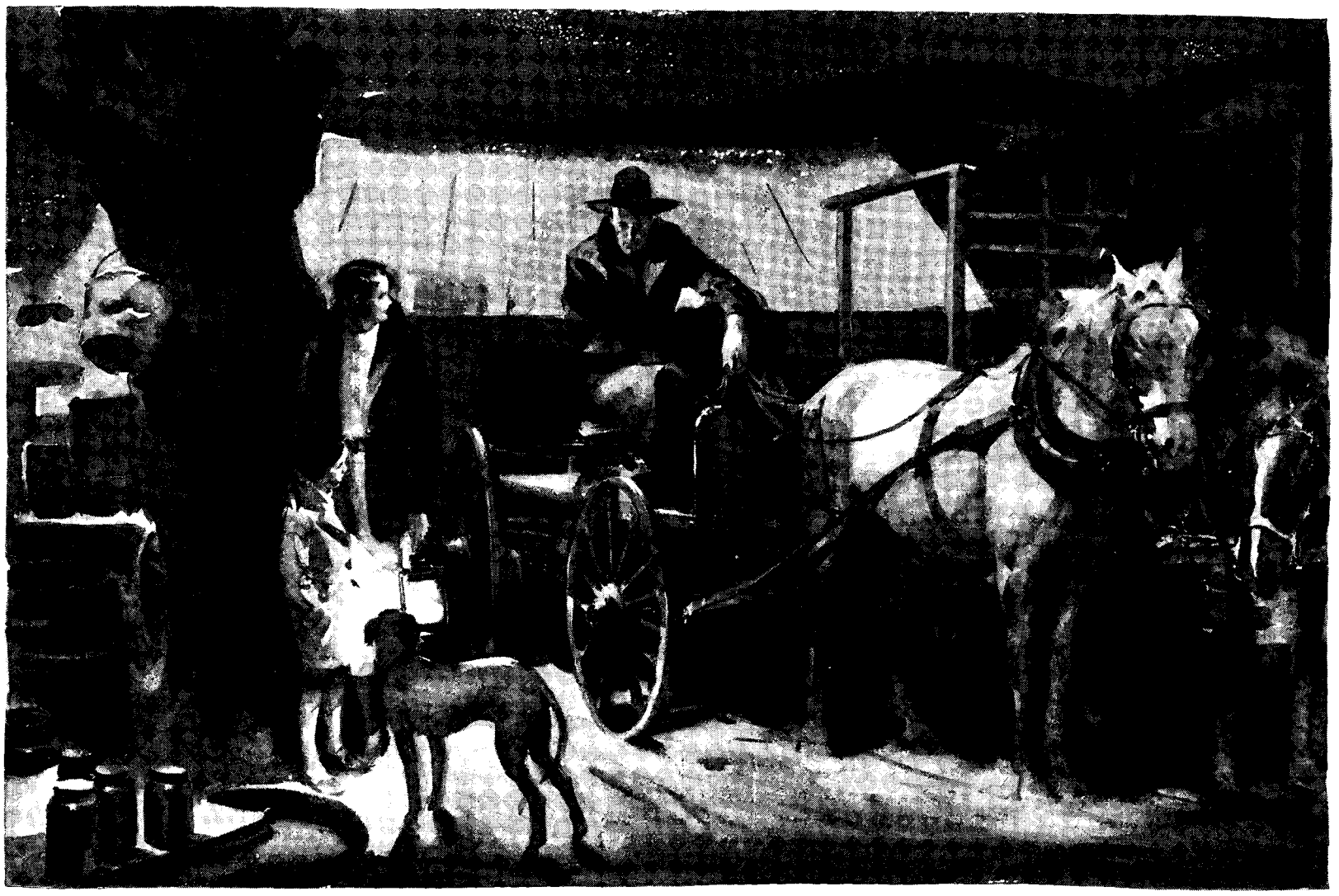

Cuff climbed into the rig. "Be good, Sonny," he said in a voice dry as dust

Cuff Goodnight, gambler, sits in one last game—thrilling because of the stakes, memorable because of what Cuff did on

The Last Draw

By Ernest Haycox

ALL at once motionless, Cuff Goodnight stared over the supper table at that seven-year-old face so much like his own; and for the first time in his life he was a little glad he could muster the still-cheeked reserve of his profession to hide the astonishing shock of the boy's question. In a voice gone flat, he said: "Who told you that, Son?"

"He didn't tell me," corrected Johnny Goodnight. "He only asked me if I liked being a gambler's son. It was a man with yellow hair and a big nose. Are you a gambler, Dad?"

"His name would be Tom Studdring?" pressed Cuff Goodnight.

"Tom—that's what they called him," agreed Johnny.

"Who called him?"

"Mr. Mitchell at the store. I was there and this man asked me if I liked being a gambler's son and I said I didn't know. Then Mr. Mitchell looked mad and told the man to be quiet. Are you a gambler, Dad? Like Bourke Reilly at the Drover's?"

Cuff Goodnight sat immovable in the chair. Mrs. McClees, the housekeeper, brought in the pie and looked at him with a straight, significant glance. "You might have known," she murmured rapidly, "it couldn't be kept back forever."

"That's all, Mrs. McClees," interrupted Goodnight and watched the black head of his son bend over the pie. Shadows gathered along the room and through the open doorway came the sounds of Spanish Flat waking from the hot desert afternoon's lethargy. Rabb's restaurant bell was ringing; some fool on the edge of town fired a gun. Johnny lifted his direct eyes.

"Then if you are," said he, reading the silence with a youngster's uncanny perception, "you can show me some tricks. Will you show me some tricks before bedtime?"

"Eat your pie while it's warm," ordered Cuff Goodnight gently, and pushed his own plate away. The long-feared eventuality had come as all trouble came to him, around the corner without warning, to wreck the labored order of his life. Wondering how much of an impression Studdring's statement had made on the fresh white page of his son's imagination, Goodnight rose and walked to the doorway. The pattern never seemed to change—what he gained, he lost. Rabb's was aglow with lights; farther down, the windows of the Drover's Rest made a glittering fifty-foot strip toward which the men of the town were sauntering for the night's play. So close to his doorstep were the robust evils of the place.

"I'M THROUGH," said Johnny. "Now will you show me?"

Not that he feared those evils for his boy. Other children grew up to become good citizens in these same surroundings. Yet—and the acid bitterness of six years' thinking was in this inescapable reflection—they were not gamblers' children, nor motherless children. Slowly restoring the tight discipline of his mind, he knew what remained to be done. He had considered the alternative a long while, stiffened himself to it, delayed it; it could now be no longer delayed. Unsmiling, he turned to his son.

"How would you like to go out to Jane Sherrill's for a while?"

The boy was his in so many respects. Quick pleasure made a glow in the lad's eyes while the rest of the clear features remained grave, and he said, "Fine," with an accompanying vigorous nod.

Goodnight looked toward Mrs. McClees, not quite meeting her regarding survey. "Pack his things in the valise." Then with a more reluctant voice, he added, "All his things."

He left the house, went to the stable and ordered a rig; and afterward crossed to the Drover's Rest. Inside was the rising murmur of a growing crowd. Tobacco smoke nested in the crystal-clustered chandeliers and the forty-foot bar was filling. Already the roulette wheel had been opened and at his own no-limit poker table two men sat waiting. One saw him and motioned, but he shook his head. Standing there, a slim and quiet and personable figure with a soberness of face so steady as to resemble the ineradicable cast of a minted coin, he swept the scene disinterestedly. "If I lose him," he thought, "I have nothing left." And he turned on the burly, cheerful Bourke Reilly approaching. "I've got a trip to make, Bourke," he said. "Sit in at my table for me."

"Cuff," said Bourke Reilly, "you're a square gent and I hate to see you hurt. I heard something about Studdring today. He—"

"Gave me away to my son," finished Goodnight, showing no emotion.

Reilly shrugged his shoulders. "It's strictly your affair. But he's hit you before and he'll do it again."

"SIT in for me," repeated Cuff Goodnight, going out. Wheeling the rig back to the house, he found Johnny seated on the valise, waiting. He stowed the lad in the seat, wrapped a robe around him, and disposed of the valise. Mrs. McClees was in the doorway, hands folded in her apron and struggling with an obvious resentment.

"If he'd done all the dirty things to me he's done to you," she said vehemently, "I'd horsewhip him till he fell!"

"You are saying what the country says," observed Goodnight slowly. "Knowing no better." Swinging, he drove through the lively traffic, reached the open road and let the horses trot.

"Jupiter will be there, won't he?" asked Johnny. "And that strawberry horse I always get to ride?"

"All there," agreed Cuff Goodnight. "Nothing changes, Son."

It was a lie, of course. But if a lie

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would help to keep the lad in childhood's serene calm a little longer, nothing else mattered. Peace and faith went away soon enough.

Jane Sherrill's house sat in a grove of cottonwoods, a pleasant melody of idling water emerging from the yonder dark. When the rig curved up to the porch, the door of the house opened and a lithe-bodied woman stood silhouetted in the yellow gush. Johnny banged his feet on the dashboard and said eagerly, "I've come to visit again. With my valise."

Jane Sherrill walked down the steps. "Isn't that fine?" she applauded and caught the lad under his arms, affectionate enthusiasm warming the shadows. "I like to have a man in the house, Johnny." Cuff Goodnight went slowly to the porch, carrying the valise.

"He's bringing a few more belongings this time, Jane. For a longer stay."

"Where's Jupiter?" demanded Johnny.

"Behind the kitchen stove," said Jane Sherrill. "And he hears you. That's his tail thumping."

Johnny halted, looking at his father. But Cuff Goodnight said, quietly: "I'll see you before I go, Son," and the boy ran in, leaving the two older people by themselves.

Jane Sherrill turned with a slow swing of her small shoulders and the light crossed her face suddenly. All her features were even and her deep amber hair lay smoothly and strikingly on her head to accent the straight strength of her body.

"Cuff, what's the matter?"

"I'm taking up the offer you made a while back."

"To let him grow up with me? Oh, Cuff, I'm glad!"

"He's your son now," said Goodnight, dully.

"Long ago—how long has it been, Cuff?—I told you I wanted a son."

"Let the past alone," muttered Goodnight. "It will only hurt to think of it. In the Spanish Flat bank are two thousand dollars to the boy's credit. Tomorrow I'll make you trustee of it. And here is a letter. When he's older let him have it. He'll find a picture of his mother in it. He's got her eyes and something of her hair."

She drew back from the outstretched hand, staring alarmed at his face. "Cuff, what are you going to do?"

All at once he was harsh and unhappy. "Leave the country—get out of the boy's sight and mind. It's his right to grow up and not be ashamed of his folks. One day, when he's grown up enough to absorb punishment without being hurt too bad, he'll find out the truth. Until then, let him believe he had a good dad."

"Cuff, you fool, that isn't right. Running away won't help."

"Nor staying. Studdring told him today what I was. It won't happen again."

"STUDDRING?" said Jane Sherrill, and drew a sharp breath. "Studdring once more?"

"He's never forgotten that eight years ago I married the girl he meant to marry."

"He should be beaten for it!" cried the girl, outraged.

"It will turn out for the good," said the man. "A fool deserves the punishment he gets. I held my head in the sand too long. Better do this now before Sonny feels it."

But she broke in: "You were a rancher once. Go back to that."

Illustrated by John Gannam

"What's done is done. You don't erase mistakes—you never do. Gambling was an easy turn for me six years ago and I took it. I've raised the boy, set a little sum aside for him. And I never dealt a crooked trick at the tables. But that makes no difference. I can't change—and it would be thrown in the boy's face."

"You still have your old place up there on the bench," murmured Jane Sherrill, as if not hearing him. "You grew up there. Your son was born there. Why should you dislike it? Cuff, it's your home."

"It would never do," said Cuff Goodnight. "Not there—ever."

"Listen to me," said the girl, aroused and half angry. "I never asked you questions. I know only what the country speaks of, and I believe little of that. But you were hurt so badly you moved away and changed your life. After Rose died I saw you change. You have been changing ever since. Why, you are only two years older than I am. You are twenty-eight. That's young. And still, you've buried the man that I—that I used to know. You have almost stopped living. A fighter doesn't do that. It's not right, Cuff. Never mind. Go back where you left off—and start again."

"Wipe the slate clean?" asked Goodnight a little ironically. "No." He paused, and a silence fell between them, drawn out. Jane Sherrill's eyes were shining; old memories freshened in him. What he wanted to say here and now, he couldn't say out of loyalty to the dead woman who was Johnny's mother. He could only think somberly, as he had thought a thousand times, that he had been wrong, that Rose had been wrong. And beyond the committed error, youth had stopped for both of them; Rose was dead and he had shriveled deliberately to avoid another hurt like that.

"My life," he added quietly, "has been like a hand of poker, like an inside straight, like four good cards broken in the middle by a useless one."

"MEN have drawn to inside straights," pointed out Jane Sherrill, "and have caught the filling cards."

But he pushed that aside with some impatience. "Fools do. No good player allows himself to bet against such mathematical odds. It won't work. For me, the hands have been played and the damage done. But the boy shall grow up happy."

"Without a father? No, Cuff."

"He'll forget. Time makes the change."

Jane Sherrill straightened. "Not coming back, Cuff? Not ever coming back?"

It was a long time before he answered, only making a slow turn of his head. The girl said rapidly: "Then I have the right to one question: Do you ever remember the things you said and I said when we thought we were to be married?"

"There's no happiness in remembering."

"Cuff, you idiot, how is one to forget? You haven't! Tom Studdring hasn't! Do you suppose I have? Don't you ever think that just as Studdring remembers it was he who was to have married Rose, so I keep remembering it was you who was to have married me?"

"There is no answer," he muttered.

"I have asked you for none."

"Nevertheless, if there were an answer," he replied, "you should have it. But there isn't any. When people are young they only think from one minute to the next. We were pretty young, Jane—all of us—and something happened. Just happened. A match touched kerosene and there was a fire." And to himself he added, "Then the fire went out." Aloud, he said, "You've got a son now. Teach him to take his hurts without crying."

Johnny came through the door with a monstrous gray dog that grinned and tried to wash the boy's detaining hand with a big, red, blanket-like tongue. "Can Jupiter sleep by my bed tonight? I'm pretty sure he won't hurt anything. Can he?"

Cuff Goodnight walked from the shadows and bent over until the sudden pressure around his lips was hidden from Jane Sherrill. He took Johnny's hand man-to-man fashion and gripped it. Then he climbed into the rig. "Be good, Sonny," he said in a voice dry as dust.

"When will you be comin' back?" asked Johnny.

Cuff was lifting the reins with a touch of haste. "When I'm able, Johnny. But don't worry about that. Just spend the days and forget the next one coming. So long."

(Continued on page 47)

"So far," Cuff murmured, "I think you've got the best of it. But I'm not so full of hurry as I used to be, Tom. A man sometimes loses when he wins"

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Gallows of Chance

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

CONVICTED of the murder of Gervase Benham, Cecil Brandt is to be hanged.

One man alone has the power to intercede for him: England's young Home Secretary, Sir Humphrey Rossiter. He stubbornly refuses to do so. The night before the execution—while motoring to London following a visit to Lord Keynsham and his sister, Lady Louise, in Norfolk County—he is kidnapped. Four masked men seize him, whisk him to a mysterious house, place him on a gallows. "Promise to grant Brandt a reprieve," says the leader, "*or die!*"

Sir Humphrey will promise nothing. The hangman adjusts the noose. Then—a messenger arrives. Sir Humphrey is informed that Katherine Brandt, the condemned man's wife, has important new evidence to offer. "I will hear it," he promises. . . . Released, he meets Mrs. Brandt (an actress whom he has known for years). Impressed by her story, he promises to order a reprieve at once. She leaves—and he collapses, faints. When he recovers consciousness, Cecil Brandt has been hanged!

Commissioner Moore, of Scotland Yard, puts his best men on the case. . . . Katherine Brandt is to dine with Sir Humphrey, in his home. She fails to arrive. Alarmed, Sir Humphrey phones Scotland Yard. Sub-Commissioner Matterson hurries over, interviews Sir Humphrey, then leaves the room to report to headquarters. When he returns, Sir Humphrey has disappeared! . . . The operatives work feverishly. Cowling goes to Mrs. Brandt's hotel. Her trunks, he finds, are there—packed, ready for a trip to France. Her maid (who has the only keys) opens one of them. It is in wild disorder—has been hurriedly ransacked by some mysterious intruder. . . . In Norfolk County, Inspectors Smithers and Simpson and Detective Pank make little progress. When kidnapped, Sir Humphrey had been using a hired car from Norwich. The driver has vanished. Pank, it develops, knows the people with whom the man had roomed. . . . Discussing the mystery, the two commissioners are interrupted by Detective Pank!

"And what might your name be?" Mr. Humble asked, not overgraciously

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

V

DETECTIVE PANK came very nervously forward. The chief commissioner in a temper was enough to frighten anyone, and his appearance at that moment seemed to indicate that he was in a very bad temper indeed.

"Well, what do you want, Pank?" he asked gruffly. "This is entirely against the rules, you know; for you to come in like this."

"I know it, sir," was the hesitating reply. "I'm sorry. I wished to have a word with either you or Colonel Matterson if you will favor me, while the others were engaged."

"What is it that you want?" the general demanded. "Got something up your sleeve, eh? Out with it if you have, and I will forgive you for anything."

"It's not exactly that, sir," Pank confessed. "I have come to ask you if you will be good enough to dismiss me from the force."

"Dismiss you!" the general repeated in surprise.

Colonel Matterson looked up from the letter he had begun to write. He knew more about Detective Pank than his chief.

"What's the trouble, Pank?" he inquired.

"Leave off twiddling with your hat, man, and sit down and get your breath. We are not going to eat you," the general said, looking very much as though he were. "If you have any ideas about this case we are only too anxious to hear what you have to say, although I don't see why you didn't speak up while the others were here."

Detective Pank placed his hat upon the carpet and sat down in the nearest chair.

"It's like this, sir," he commenced, addressing the chief commissioner; "I'd like to be dismissed from the force temporarily so as to be free to tackle this job from outside."

"Explain yourself to Colonel Matterson," the general enjoined. "I don't interfere personally in these matters. Address yourself to him, and I feel sure you will find him reasonable."

"WELL, sir, it's like this," Pank explained, turning towards the sub-commissioner: "Whenever there's a delicate investigation to be made, rather out of the ordinary run, I have always found that it handicaps us when people know that we are from the Yard. Superintendent Smithers and Inspector Simpson are first-class men without a doubt, but they were both in Norwich not long ago on another case and nearly everyone knows them by sight. Apart from that, they went everywhere as Scotland Yard men, and wherever they went people knew that Scotland Yard men were coming, and sometimes I'm not sure that that is an advantage."

"I see your point," the colonel agreed.

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"I know every inch of Norwich city," Pank went on, "and I know the country all around Keynsham Hall. There is not a country house or a large farmhouse within a possible radius, taking Sir Humphrey's time as being correct, where there could have been a room such as he described, opening out onto a courtyard large enough to have contained an execution shed."

"Why didn't you tell the others so then?"

"I did tell them before we started out. Of course they were my superior officers and they took very little notice of what I said. I went with them on the first of their rounds, and then I developed a feverish cold and went to bed until yesterday."

"Did you have a cold?" the sub-commissioner asked, his eyes very set and intent under his beetling eyebrows.

"No, sir. I wanted to keep out of the way and to make a few investigations on my own account."

"Was that quite in accordance with etiquette and your position?" was the somewhat stiff inquiry. "You were there to help the other two to the best of your ability."

"Quite true, sir," Pank assented eagerly, "and I have worried very much about the whole business. The only thing was that I said to myself—the case is the thing. Nothing counts except solving this mystery, and it doesn't matter how we do it or who does it."

"The fellow's right there," General Moore grunted from his seat.

"I SAID to myself," Pank went on, with increased confidence, "Smithers and Simpson are known to everyone in this hotel—we were staying at the Royal, sir—to everyone at the hotel and most of the people who go into the bars, as Scotland Yard detectives. Wherever they went they were marked men. Norwich is a good-sized city, sir, but in a way it is just like an overgrown country town. It's the greatest place for gossip I ever knew. I knew quite well from one or two things that had occurred to me—they may be perfectly ridiculous and I shan't, unless you insist upon it, tell you now what they were—but I knew that I could do no good if I went about with two well-known Scotland Yard detectives or if I was seen with them in the city or thereabouts. That is the reason, sir, I went to bed with a cold and came away on the train before theirs."

"I always said," Matterson remarked, turning towards his chief, "that there was just a little too much of the Bucket type about Simpson."

The chief commissioner nodded.

"Get on with it, Pank," he invited.

"Now, as things are," the latter went on, "there's scarcely a soul in the city who saw me with Smithers and Simpson; and as for the country people, I'm not minding so much about them just now. There are many of my friends down there, of course, who knew that I came up to London to be a policeman, but none of them knew that I was going into the detective service. What I would like to do, sir, if you would be so good as to kick me out of the force, is to go back to Norwich as a commercial traveler, or anyhow with a civilian job.

"I would like to go back this evening, and I don't mind telling you that I should try to get a room where that chauffeur was. I should carry out my investigations a little differently, and I should work upon an idea of my own. If it doesn't turn out all right—well, you are rid of a poor detective, and if you don't want to take me on again I will find another job. If it turns out as I hope—that I am able to help—then perhaps you will reinstate me as soon as the matter is cleared up."

"Reinstate you," Colonel Matterson repeated, with a queer little smile. "If you have the luck to solve this affair for us and tell us where Sir Humphrey Rossiter was taken to that night, and by whom, it won't be a question of reinstatement—we will promote you! That's right, isn't it, Chief?"

"I should say so," the latter agreed heartily.

"NOW, can you give me some of your ideas?" Colonel Matterson asked. "I may tell you, Pank, what I think is not any secret to anyone here—we are being hard pushed about this business. Sir Humphrey is badly needed at the Home Office, and the government is taking it out on us. If we could solve the mystery of his first disappearance it would be something, especially as I feel sure that if we did that it would lead on to the elucidation of this second affair."

"As to that I cannot say, sir," was the deferential reply. "Of course my ideas may be all wrong anyway."

"Now, come on," the sub-commissioner begged him. "Let's see what you are driving at."

"I am hoping, sir," Pank said wistfully, "that you will allow me to keep a great deal of what is in my mind just where it is. It won't do any good to give false hopes. If I am wrong, I am wrong, and that's the end of it, but it is a sensitive matter, and a mere whisper might upset everything. I will tell you this much if you will allow me, sir. I have worked it out, time, roads and everything—it all fits in—and I believe that Sir Humphrey Rossiter was brought to Norwich."

"To Norwich?" the chief commissioner repeated incredulously.

"Why to Norwich?" Matterson asked curiously.

"Because of a word I heard let fall at a small pub in a back street, sir," Pank confided. "You wouldn't know Norwich as I know it, sir. I was brought up as a lad there. Pubs in Norwich are not like what they are anywhere else. You go out at night and you walk along one of those crooked, hilly streets, and you come to a curtained window and a wire blind, and a door like an ordinary street door, except that there's a name over it. You open the door, and they're pretty well all the same, a kind of taproom, then a counter and behind it a parlor—sort of private bar. There's hundreds of these little public houses about the place. Scarcely any rent to speak of, and the landlord and his wife live on the premises. I was in one the first night, when I'm afraid I let the others think I was nursing my cold, and a chap came in—he had forgotten me but I knew him very well by sight—and began talking. Well, he just said one thing—that's all—and it put an idea into my head. I couldn't sleep for thinking of it.

"NEXT morning, after the others had gone out, I got a push bike and I prowled round the place up to the Hellesdon Golf Links and round by the aviation works, and had a look at all the new ground they have got planned out for building. Yes, I had a good morning's investigation, and when I came back—well, that idea of mine was still there."

"Why on earth didn't you talk to Smithers and Simpson about it?" Matterson asked.

"For this reason, sir," Pank explained: "It is not as it might seem, because I wanted to make a scoop of my own—I promise you that. I have asked you to give me the sack and I shall never ask you to take me back again if I'm wrong. I am backing my chance, as it were, so it's a fair deal. But this much I do know—if I were seen in the streets with Smithers and Simpson, or if I started making inquiries with them in the direction I am thinking of, that would be the end. We should get to know nothing and there would not be any way of getting to know anything."

"Sounds very mysterious, you must admit," the sub-commissioner pointed out.

"I admit it, sir," Pank agreed. "There's another thing: The man who keeps the house where that chauffeur lodged is my uncle. Relationships count for something in Norwich. It is about one of the most sociable places in the world when you are known and the most stand-off place in the world when you are a stranger. If I go and take a room with my uncle he will be telling me without hesitation anything he knows about that chauffeur, whereas, knowing him as well as I do, I would swear that he would keep his mouth closer shut than an oyster to anyone of the police, even if it were myself, asking him questions about an ex-lodger."

"Common sense," Matterson agreed.

"YOU must acknowledge, Pank," the chief commissioner pointed out, "that yours is a very unusual request. Smithers and Simpson are your superior officers. You went down with them to deal with the case. I don't know whether we should feel justified in letting you take it on alone."

"I'm not asking you to do so, sir," Pank pointed out. "Smithers and Simpson have spent their time there and made their report. All right. I want you to kick me out and leave me to work on my own as though I were one of the private detectives of fiction. If I find I'm right, what do you suppose I am going to do about it? I shall be back here or on the line to you like a shot. I will expect to be reinstated later on, but the others can follow up anything I have discovered, if you wish. My point is simply that I must make the preliminary investigations alone and not as a member of the police force, or I shouldn't have a chance. It is worth while letting me try, sir."

Matterson rose from his chair and whispered in his chief's ear. Then he rang a bell.

"Bring me Pank's dossier," he directed the man who answered the summons.

The detective sighed.

"Not a very brilliant one, I'm afraid, sir," he remarked. "This is my first real opportunity."

There were a few nervous moments

(Continued on page 28)

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Sharking for Profit

The pirates are gone from Barataria Bay and fishermen have taken their place. Sharks are their prey instead of Spanish galleons. But the spirit of adventure still lingers. And catching sharks, as Mr. Dickson shows you, is an exciting business

By Harris Dickson

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

The killer rapidly becomes a widely separated shark

ALONG the serrated southern edge of this republic, in flatlands, marsh and waving grasses, our coast of Louisiana merges with the sea. It is there, on the vanishing isle of Grande Terre, that a broken fortress stands undaunted and glowers at its ever-advancing enemy.

Somewhat more than a century ago, between this fort and the Gulf of Mexico nearly half a mile of meadow intervened, a sparsely vegetated plain from which the fisher children drove home their cattle at milking-time. Now the gray shark strikes his prey where cows and children used to roam, for the meadow is gone. All gone. Washed away. The gnawing Gulf has eaten its approach to the fort whose stout old walls for a time held firm. Little by little the storms have undermined its masonry. Bit by bit, through slow, persistent decades, the lap-lap-lap of restless waters eroded the foundations until one tempestuous night when its seaward bastions collapsed. Today the great quadrangle gapes wide open. Almost half of its defenses have disappeared. Insatiable waves now dash against the broad steps that climb to ramparts on either hand, and triumphant tides rush through its long-deserted corridors.

Nobody ever plays fair with a shark. We "ganged" him

Bushel after mysterious bushel was ladled onto the deck

Once this fort was brave and new and red. At morn a pert little boy, with buff lapels and shining eyes, would station himself upon its walls where the roll of his drum defied the roll of windlashed surges, and soldiers of our young nation saluted their starry flag. But fighting men have abandoned this place. The drums are silent. From the pinnacle of a shattered corner an avalanche of rubble has slipped into the sea, exposing the mouth of one steadfast cannon, one faithful gun which still guards the pass to Barataria. Soon that corner too must crumble, and another avalanche will send the grim old gun to its honorable grave.

In sparkling seas beneath its muzzle the scintillant tarpon leaps, like a gleam of silver that flashes upward from blue waters. Lazy black porpoises rise to breathe, and redfish play among the wreckage of fallen battlements. At its unprotected front the Gulf of Mexico stretches straight away to Yucatan. Behind it the bay is dotted by low islands on which slim reeds tremble and throb with the pulse of every tide. Grand Pass washes the walls of that dismantled fort, and farther westward crouches Grand Isle, a prairie of level sand where Mexican surf breaks upon the loveliest beach in all America.

If any dry-as-dust historian be curious, let him search the archives of our War Department for exact data as to when Fort Livingstone was constructed, its cost, its strength in ordnance and men. But the imagination of a true fisherman will not be limited to facts, when just at the rear of this fort a modern light flares up from the spot where once stood the warehouses and the villas of Jean Lafitte. Within the serene haven of this bay, his corsair cruisers rode in peace. Earringed pirates went swaggering along this very beach, wiry little brown men from the islands, blond giants from Scandinavia, renegade British, dumpy Portuguese, outlaw Americans, Malays and French freebooters.

Here, on these now empty sands, Lafitte established the busiest illicit emporium that our western world has ever known. To this place eager planters paddled by night in pirogues, buying the slaves which Lafitte's men had captured from Spanish galleons and smuggled into Louisiana, years after the blackbird trade was a felony. Merchants flocked to Barataria for silks, for mellow wines and contraband cargoes that made them rich. A bustling market place it was, of clamoring roisterers who fought over their women, and held high revel in their flimsy villas. Today the idle angler sees nothing—nothing except an isolated lighthouse, a haunted fort, and myriads of seabirds that chatter unfrightened along these lonely shores.

Mr. Wallace Morgan, the artist who draws these pictures, is not a reckless shark-catcher but maintains that the brutes will snap your leg off. So, at a department store in New Orleans he rigged himself for desperate adventure in a pair of khaki pants that were measured for Goliath. After taking a few half hitches in the girth, and double reefs at the bottom, our transformed artist needed only a cutlass between his teeth to qualify for any crew that ever boarded a bloody deck.

Starting on the Small Ones

"Listen," he inquired, "have you ever read about I Kan Yu?"

"Read about I can which?"

"I Kan Yu—*Yu*. I Kan Yu, the ravenous Malay shark that devoured ninety passengers off a French wreck?"

"No. What of him?"

"Nothing. Nothing. Only I consider that maybe we'd better tackle the little ones first."

Shark fishing was the magnet that drew us to Grand Isle. But we were not going after the huge "basking shark" of the South Seas, which grows to a length of more than fifty feet. As an amateur fish-liar, I hesitate to endorse these dimensions, even on the authority of U. S. consular reports; and thirty-five feet seems more conservative.

A dense fog smothered Grand Isle on that morning when we reached its eastern end, directly opposite the ruins of Fort Livingstone. Bayou Rigaud,

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which meanders behind the island, was jammed by a spectral fleet of shrimp luggers that waited for dawn. Three thirty A. M. The shrimpers began to stir.

Six of us were huddled beneath a crudely boarded shack that sheltered Mr. Luthi's operatives at their work of skinning sharks. The group was typical of that coast, Mr. Luthi being a Swiss; Agualar a Spaniard; Lefonte a Creole, while Clarence was a copper-colored Houma Indian. Morgan and I represented the American vote.

"Soon come daytime," the swarthy Spaniard spoke. "We now make start. Come."

That sandy island is very low, and our party splashed through shallow puddles of tidewater to a rickety wharf where dozens of luggers lay moored. Our barefoot fishermen stepped from deck to deck, and we followed cautiously until the Creole nodded, "Zis is my boat."

We were hemmed in by a tangle of shrimp craft which began to disintegrate at the edges. One by one they slipped away and silently disappeared. Our own propeller revolved, very slowly. We backed out, got clear, and dived into a bank of clouds that drifted along an oily sea.

We were perhaps two miles offshore, under brighter skies, when Lefonte twitched his thumb toward a slight commotion just below the surface, "See zat feller?"

Morgan and I could make nothing of it except a darker patch on the water, and some bubbles.

"What's that? A shark?"

"No. Devilfish."

"*Devil*fish?"

"Yes. He t'irty foot 'cross."

"Bigger'n our boat?"

"Sure. He play ze hell wiz my net. I go 'way."

"Step on the gas," Morgan urged, and muttered something about "hairbreadth escape" as he made some nervous sketches in his notebook.

After evading the giant, our fishermen dropped their trawl, as they call a net that is drawn by two ropes. It spread out far behind us, like an enormous U, which dragged bottom at a depth of twenty feet.

Ocean Grab Bag

Soon a radiant sun climbed above the rim of the world, suffusing with scarlet the dozens of other luggers, all white, that were strung along a flat gray coast. We had a full hour's time to observe the shrimp boats cruising with their trawls, because until our own net could be lifted we'd have no bait.

"Ready!" Agualar beckoned his partner and the engine slowed, while two barefoot shrimpers at the stern pulled on the ropes that brought in our net. Eagerly we looked over them to see what they had caught. Everything. The pouch of their great seine soon hung suspended at the lugger's side, while Lefonte took a dip net and ladled out bushel after miscellaneous bushel, which he piled upon the deck. Morgan and I probed into the mound of marine creatures, discovering long, narrow sea horses; varicolored ladyfish; small gray sharks, shovel-nosed sharks, groupers, starfish, catfish, croakers. And mixed among them were the shrimp.

Ocean grab bag was very fascinating, but we'd come after shark, so the Spaniard selected some trout for bait, silver beauties that it seemed shameful to impale upon a hook.

"Shark he bite at zese damn' quick," the Spaniard smiled as he led us aft through his cabin, no bigger than a dry-goods box, back of which a small deck extended above the churning propeller.

We took our stance on either side of the stern to cast experimental lines—grass ropes about forty yards long. Somewhat farther behind us the big trawl dragged, and the mass of imprisoned fish attracted the sharks.

Amidships the Creole squatted to sort out his catch, saving only the shrimp.

Before that time we had scarcely noticed a gull, but when Lefonte tossed overboard the first croaker, there came a flurry of wings and a sharp beak snapped it up. As if at the clang of a breakfast bell, every gull in the distant heavens flew straight to our boat. Clouds of them hovered around us on beating pinions, poised themselves an instant, then with shrill cries darted down. Frequently they seized their food so awkwardly that it could not be swallowed. Then we'd see them flip a croaker in the air and catch it again.

I Catch a Shark

Morgan and I were so intent upon observing their maneuvers that we'd forgotten about sharks until a vicious tug at my line jerked it away from me. Fortunately its end had already been made fast.

"Hold 'im! Hold 'im!" Morgan yelled as I grabbed the rope, which tautened as if a cavorting bull were at the other end. The line went whizzing through white waters and the gray brute's tops'l fin appeared. He seemed to be about my own size. We were evenly matched. Pull Dick! Pull devil! But my footing was none too secure upon a plunging deck, slippery with spray, that had no rail to guard me from being yanked overboard. The Spaniard braced himself and grappled my belt while Morgan added more man power to the line. Nobody plays fair with a shark. There's none of that clean cricket-like sportsmanship which is accorded a gallant tarpon. The killer was well-hooked and we "ganged" him, two red-blooded Americans pulling in hand over hand, with Spanish support at the rear. Soon his white belly showed, tossing in our foamy wake, then the evil snout as we lifted half of him above water.

"Wait! I come!" the Creole shouted, abandoning his pile of shrimp, and French reinforcements arrived, armed with a bludgeon. American, French and Spanish allies hauled our catch aboard, where he thrashed about the tiny deck, glaring with pale gold eyes whose pupils narrowed to vertical slits of hate.

The Shark's Pilot

"Look out!" the Spaniard warned. "He knock you in ze water."

Our Creole knew exactly what to do. He might belabor that fish for hours and cause no damage, yet a single tap on the end of his snout gave the big fellow his *coup de grâce*. His black-tipped fins spread out, quivering, then folded against an inert body. The shark lay dead, and somewhere from underneath him a small black creature went wriggling across our deck. The Creole caught it.

"See," he said, "zis ze pilot. Shark have not good eye, so zis little friend lead him around to find his food."

The shark's pilot was about four inches long, black, very slender with a flat head.

"Try him in your hand, so," the Creole laid him on my palm, where the head of the pilot fish took hold with a suction so strong that I could barely dislodge it.

"Zat's ze way he cling to his master when little fish get tired of swim so fast."

When we returned him unhurt to the water, the pilot darted away, and soon perhaps would attach himself to a new lord.

Our first shark was not a monster, somewhat more than six feet, and weighing upward of a hundred pounds. For a while all the luck ran to my side of the boat, just as chips have a perverse propensity for gravitating to one seat at a poker table, and soon I'd caught three while Morgan grumbled at getting no bite.

Then fortune shifted and the artist's baggy breeches assumed fantastic attitudes as he yanked in shark after shark. But honors for the biggest one went to our host.

Altogether, not counting smaller fry, we brought home eleven that were large enough for commercial purposes and unloaded them at Mr. Luthi's shed.

Skins of land animals become scarcer each year, and human need must turn to that inexhaustible reservoir, the ocean. Sea products find a steady demand, yet the trade does not stabilize because the supply of raw material is so precarious. The Gulf of Mexico swarms with sharks which might be captured in commercial quantities. During a couple of hours' desultory fishing, three rank amateurs bagged eleven, and each of the hundred other boats might have done as well, without hindrance to their shrimping.

(Continued on page 49)

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Not long ago England had so many haunted places that a map was published to show their locations. Even today that enlightened country has more than 150 manor houses and castles that are unoccupied because "ghosts" frequently romp up and down the halls.

Despite all the talk of open diplomacy between nations, more state secrets are stolen, bought and sold today than ever before. Most countries employ international syndicates for espionage because those spies never know, and therefore cannot divulge, the name of the nation for which they are working.

By drawing instead of recording vibration lines of sound on the sound track of a motion picture film, a German composer has been able to produce music without the aid of any musical instrument.

Leprosy, mankind's most dreaded disease, became so prevalent in the 13th century that Europe alone, with a population of only 35,000,000, had to maintain more than 19,000 leper colonies, commonly called "tombs of the living dead."

Retiring little snails have been known to kill garter snakes many times their own size and weight; and small fish have come out of artesian wells from completely isolated pools of water as deep as 156 feet below the surface of the ground.

In the Sydney coal field of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, geologists have found one of the strangest underground formations in existence. It contains 59 distinct layers of fossil forests.

Sculptors occasionally make portrait busts with removable "hair." One interesting example is the head of Plautilla in the Louvre, Paris, which has a separate wig that can be changed from time to time to keep the lady in fashion.

Before 1883, when American railroads adopted the four standard time divisions, they ran on schedules using 58 different kinds of time.—*By C. A. Haase, Roanoke, Virginia.*

The largest mass wedding in history took place in 324 B. C. at Susa, Persia, when Alexander the Great achieved his ambition to unite two empires. He had 10,000 of his Macedonian soldiers married to Persian women at one time.

Volcanic dust floating high in the air may have a perceptible effect on animal and plant life. Only $\frac{1}{1500}$ of a cubic mile of such dust scattered throughout the entire world can decrease the intensity of direct solar radiation as much as 20 per cent.—*By Bronson Goddard, New York City.*

In Foochow, China, certain Taoist priests still sell "tickets" to heaven for the low price of one "mex," which is about 20 cents in American money. —*By R. Corry, U. S. S. Bulmer.*

Even in America, education was long withheld from women. For more than 150 years after our first public schools were established, girls were not admitted to them.—*By D. H. Rogers, Westerly, Rhode Island.*

Sixteen states in this country still disqualify a court witness or allow his credibility to be attacked if he admits, in an irrelevant examination, that he is an atheist.

The police of Montevideo, Uruguay, delight in disturbing the peace. Every thirty minutes, throughout the quiet of the night, these "guardians of the peace" break forth with a shrill, piercing whistle to assure the citizens that they are awake and actively on the job.

Five dollars will be paid for contributions used in this column. They must be accompanied by source of information and permission to use sender's name. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

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"Don't go!" It was the girl, terror in her voice. "Lefty, don't go"

Illustrated by Howard Butler

Under the Roses

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Roy Trent

AMERICA'S is a transient social order. To those with an unappreciative eye, Slater Mansion is a relic. Slater, its builder, had been an international banker of the nineties. Lefty Magoon, its present owner, was a racketeer. He sold liquor out of ten-ton trucks; intimidated merchants and workers; offered an itchy palm and a ready pistol to all and sundry. He had an unrelenting weather eye to profit.

The mansion suited his nefarious purposes. It was isolated. It had many and devious exits. These had great appeal to Lefty, for it was indubitable that his hour must strike. This he knew and the realization was desperate. To Lefty, the Slater mansion was sanctuary. When he detached himself from the whirl of metropolitan life, the mansion was but a fifty-minute drive. The roads were excellent and of wide, concrete spaciousness. Lefty and his wife, for they were always together, enjoyed rather than resented this homeward ride. Usually they took it just before dawn shattered the eastern canopy; while the smoke and grime of a night-club cellar lurked still, raspingly, in their lungs. So it was on the morning in question. Lefty, ever thoughtful, gathered roses from a deserted table. These, with a flourish, he presented to his wife. She held them crushed against her breast as the two drove outward to the mansion.

"Croak Dilon is out," Lefty said abruptly as he crouched over the wheel. "He crushed out."

"I wish you'd laugh that guy off, Lefty," the young wife said throatily. "I hate him. He'll make us trouble."

Lefty tossed his head in a gesture combining disdain and helplessness. "Don't be a sap," he urged. "Think I love that yegg? I'd laugh him off in a minute . . . if it could be done."

"Why can't it?" his companion asked.

"Me an' him killed a guy. If I run out on Croak, he'll sing for the Johnny Laws."

"Where is he?"

Lefty hesitated a moment. His silence was portentous. "Where is he?" the wife repeated insistently.

"I sent him down here. He's gotta hide out, ain't he?" defensively.

"Down to our house, you sent him? He's there now?" Anger rose in the woman's voice. "Our own home? The only one we ever had with servants and . . . class!"

"If he takes a fall, I get one too. Button up your kisser," Lefty argued. "If Croak figgers I'm givin' him the run-around, I'm washed up. He'd kill me like you would a spider. Mebbe this way, I'll get a chance to knock him off as a burglar. Then we're all set."

THE ensuing silence was dreadful. The car roared on. Lefty was a fast driver. He carried a gold shield and did not fear traffic officers, nor bother about the pistol he bore at his left armpit. They reached the drive and turned in toward the house.

"He's here now, huh?" the girl said lugubriously.

"Yeah. But he'll lay low."

In the east, dawn was tracing its first tenuous folds upward into the curtain of night. Lefty slipped from the car, glanced carefully about the shrubbery before the house, drew a key from his pocket. He opened the door into the main hall.

"Lights," he snapped. His wife switched off the headlights of the car and followed Lefty into the hall. The car remained at the door. The butler would remove it by daylight. Lefty switched on the hall light. No sign of Croak Dilon. The two traded glances, indicating that their unwanted guest was on the second floor. The wife stepped into the dining-room with her roses. On the table there she found a vase. She laid the roses on the table and stepped into a butler's pantry where, at the sink, she filled the vase with water. She returned and began to arrange the roses.

Lefty remained in the hall. He was thinking. From overhead came a stage whisper; it called his name. "Easy, Croak," Lefty warned throatily. "Keep your chin high. It's only me an' the anchor."

Then, without warning, without previous sound, there in the dead of approaching dawn, while the ancient mansion drew within its own soul to blot out its present low estate, a buzzer sounded. Softly. Muted. Terrifying.

Lefty turned toward the front door.

"Don't go!" It was the girl, terror in her voice. "Lefty, don't go. At this time of night it couldn't be on the level."

"Mebbe a telegram . . ."

"They'd phone it."

Lefty stopped in his tracks. His face was livid. They waited another brief second. Croak Dilon, his face pale with the pallor of the cell, his form twisted with emotion and the natural slink of the feline nature, stood suddenly before them. One hand clutched at his thin throat, the other carried a pistol. He cursed at Lefty. "You framed me," he snarled. "Sent me here an' hung a tail on me!"

"You're nuts! I never . . . I don't know who . . ."

"You'd cross me, you rat!" Dilon insisted. "Nobody but coppers ring bells at this time o' night."

"He never did," the wife swore desperately. "We want you here, Croak. You're our pal. . . ."

"Sure . . ." Lefty began. Croak glanced at the girl. Like a flash, Lefty reached for that pistol at his shoulder. Croak was as quick. They exchanged shots. Both fell. The girl did not scream. She cringed. Then, eyes wild, she cast her hat on the floor, disarranged her hair, tore her gown. Thus, she staggered to the front door and threw it open. Her defense was ready. Outside, a calm night pierced to exhausted pallor by the lances of dawn. No one was there. She stepped onto the porch and called. None answered.

SLOWLY she reëntered the house, glanced at the men on the floor, shuddered. And the police, who had rung that bell, soon must be upon her!

On the dining-room table the roses lay sprawled. The vase had tipped over. Mechanically she went to it, righted it. That muted buzzing sounded again. And suddenly she understood—*she knew!*

"Lefty," she gurgled, as though in explanation, "Lefty . . . speak to me, kid. Speak. . . . It wasn't nothin' but the servant call under the table. My toe hit it when I fixed the flowers you gimme. . . ."

She fell beside Lefty; begged frantically. But Lefty made no answer. Water dripped slowly from the table to the floor. Dripped . . . dripped.

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She charms most every man she meets—*why?*

Women—and men—who are unusually attractive know how much their charming *extra* vivacity and vigor depend on the meals they choose. They realize the importance of an adequate breakfast. It may be *small*, but should be *well-balanced* and *nourishing*. That's why Grape-Nuts—the vital energy food—belongs in such a breakfast. For, with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts actually gives you a better balanced variety of nourishment than many a big meal!

Teeth that help themselves to Beauty

Many of us neglect one important thing our teeth and gums need—the stimulating exercise of chewing *some* good crisp foods every day. The delicious crispness of Grape-Nuts' golden-brown kernels makes you enjoy the thorough chewing that's so necessary to healthy teeth and gums. And Grape-Nuts, with milk or cream, is rich in tooth-building elements.

Hurried Breakfasts—*How can they be Safe?*

If you *bolt* a big breakfast, you may suffer for it—later. And, on the other hand, if you start the day on a *"skimpy"* breakfast, you're starving your body of vitally needed nourishment. What to do?

The small breakfast can be safe—if it includes Grape-Nuts. Two rounded tablespoons, with milk or cream, provide more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal! And a special baking process makes Grape-Nuts remarkably easy to digest. So, your small breakfast is safe—if you're getting the easily-digested ample nourishment of this delicious nut-like food! A General Foods product.

ECONOMICAL? JUST LOOK AT THIS!

An adequate serving of Grape-Nuts is two rounded tablespoons—costing only about a penny. And that's a *bargain!*

Everyone knows that such foods as eggs, lamb chops and bread are rich in energy. But did you know that due to its concentrated nourishment a *single serving* of delicious Grape-Nuts, with milk and sugar, is as rich in energy as:

2 EGGS 0 0

OR

1½ LAMB CHOPS . . . . .

OR

6 SLICES OF WHITE BREAD .

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Keeping Texas in the Family

Continued from page 11

that he would save 'em all yet or bust his galluses, Governor Jim staged a mighty return.

Two years later, in defiance of the judgment rendering him ineligible to hold office, 217,012 of his supporters again voted for him for the Democratic nomination. That, however, was not enough. William P. Hobby beat him out.

That Jim's political ardor was not at all dampened became glaringly apparent when in February, 1920, he began in his paper to discuss the question: "If I Should Run for President." He did run. He organized the American Party, proclaimed himself as its candidate, and when he announced the final result, under the headline, "Smile, Damn You, Smile," he claimed that he had won a victory because by polling 47,963 votes in Texas he had succeeded in replacing the Democratic representative, Carlos Bee—who as a state senator had voted for his impeachment—with a Republican.

Two years later he was back in the Democratic party and again a candidate. This time he wanted to go to the United States Senate, but again, although he still held better than 220,000 votes in the primary, he didn't quite make it. However, he was not discouraged and neither were his farmer friends. They wanted him back as governor, and so early in 1924 he started on another campaign. He didn't get far. Somebody filed an injunction suit against his candidacy on the ground that the Senate's impeachment judgment forever barred him from holding office in Texas; the Supreme Court upheld that contention, and Ferguson's enemies were again satisfied that his political career was ended.

The Birth of a Personage

"But," as a newspaper writer said, "they didn't foresee that a baggage truck would be sitting around at the Lometa railroad station for Jim Ferguson to sit and ponder on." It was on that baggage truck that Ma, as a political personage, was suddenly born. Jim had just come from delivering a speech at a county fair, where the reception accorded him had been tremendous and, although the Supreme Court had already ruled against him as a candidate, he was still feeling good. Fergusonism was still a live issue in the minds of the people and so, all of a sudden, he said to his companion, T. H. McGregor: "Mac, what do you think about my wife running for governor?"

"It could be done," replied McGregor. "I've heard of a man running a grocery store in his wife's name and so why not try it on Texas?"

Jim said no more; he just thought, and shortly afterwards not only the upper crust in Texas but practically the entire country broke into a broad grin when Ma came out with the announcement of her "vindication" campaign.

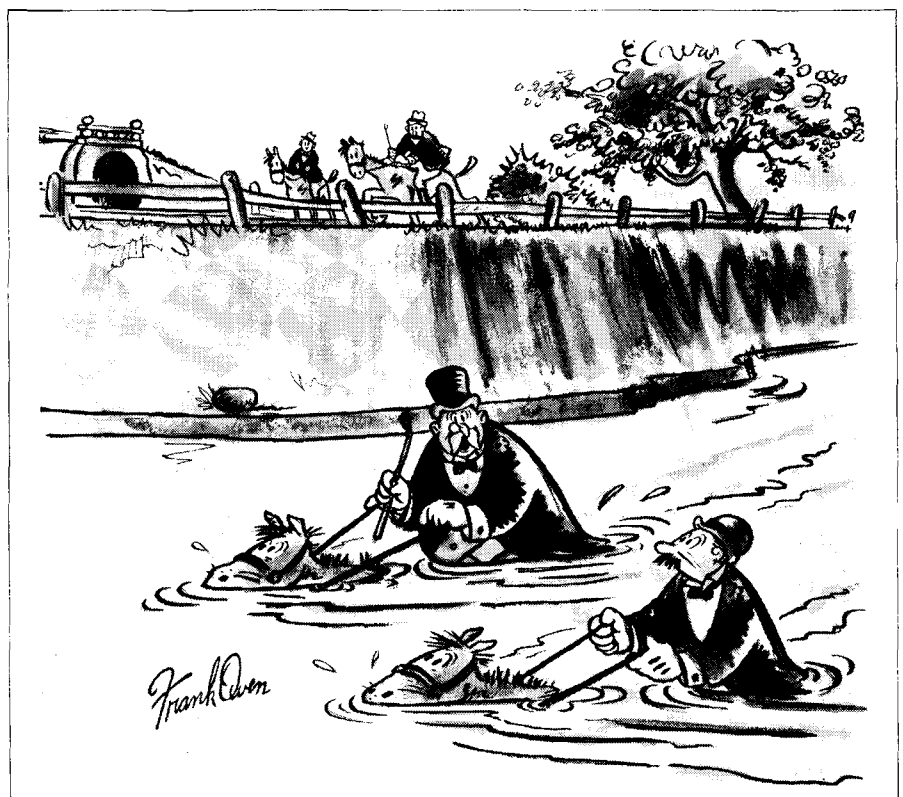
There were six candidates that year for the Democratic nomination. Five of them were fighting one another but none of them was seriously fighting against Ma because they didn't take her seriously. She fooled them. In a solid phalanx the disciples of the new faith voted for her, or rather for Pa, and when the result was announced there she was, second and therefore matched for the final heat against Judge Felix Robertson.

The big issue in the state at that time was the Ku-Klux Klan and Felix Robertson was a Klan candidate. The situation was a ready-made one for a man of Jim's ability. He went after the Klan with all the vigor there was in him and standing shoulder to shoulder with him, urging the voters to send Ma to the Mansion, was Dan Moody. Together these two men turned the trick for Ma and in January, 1925, she was duly inaugurated as governor of Texas.

Now Ma Ferguson is not a woman of striking or inspiring personality. Neither, except in behalf of Pa and her children, is she ambitious. As far as she herself was concerned she didn't care anything at all about being governor of Texas and throughout all the hullabaloo of her inauguration, as I noted from the press table, she remained perfectly calm and tranquil. Even when Pat Neff, the retiring governor, in a burst of beautiful oratory bequeathed to her, as his parting legacy, "a single white rose, an open Bible and a picture of Woodrow Wilson," I thought she was about to respond with a yawn.

But she didn't. Instead, after she had taken her oath, she very quietly told the people that what Texas needed was a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together. She said it in a way that was remarkable only for its simplicity; in a way that any woman would say it who, after many years as a housewife and a mother, found herself called upon to turn away from the intricate mysteries of the home to take up a rôle on the outskirts of the intricate mysteries of politics. For that was all her governorship would amount to. Having an unbounded faith in Pa, and an unshaken belief in his integrity and his ability to vindicate himself, she was willing to occupy an unpleasant position in the public eye in order that he might have his great opportunity.

It was a fine thing for Ma to do, and she is admired and respected for it, but how did Pa respond: how did he proceed to vindicate himself? Let us see.



"You were right, Mortimer. You don't bounce as much this way, do you?"

Frank Owen

Incautious "Highwaymen"

Ma's term opened auspiciously. A friendly legislature almost immediately passed an Amnesty Bill restoring Pa to full rights as a citizen of Texas, while he on his part came out with a "good will" issue of the Ferguson Forum. All was quiet in Texas until Pa's paper began to foster a good-roads campaign and carry a good deal of advertising paid for by highway contractors.

An investigation which somebody set on foot showed that this advertising was not so much solicited as commandeered by the Forum's agent, who would simply send word to the contractors to call on him in his room at the hotel. This had the appearance of evil but nothing really happened until a certain "highwayman" who had secured a paving contract in the city of Houston started in to do the work with machinery bearing the insignia of the state.

The Hot-Water Treatment

That was too much. Public confidence in Pa hadn't been any too strong anyhow and now everybody got excited. Of course another investigation was started and this time the investigators were bluntly told to get to Gehenna out of here, or words to that effect, when they tried to inspect the records of the Highway Department. In the end, however, with the red-headed Dan Moody, who had gone in as attorney-general under Ma, making the demands, those records were investigated, with the result that through Mr. Moody's efforts several suspicious contracts were canceled and more than a million dollars which had already left it was put back in the state treasury.

Thus it went all through Ma's two years in office. If Pa wasn't being accused of one thing he was being accused of another. Was he guilty? Who knows? He wasn't indicted for anything, but when Ma's two years were ended and he put her out again as a candidate against Dan Moody, her own attorney-general, who campaigned against her on Pa's record, she got such a trimming that once again all of Jim Ferguson's enemies and accusers said he was through.

Possibly he would have been if Dan Moody, who succeeded Ma for two terms, and Ross Sterling, who followed Dan for one, had either one of them proved to be any improvement over Ma. They were not. During Moody's four years—and by the way, one of the first things that his first legislature did was to repeal the act extending amnesty to Pa—there was just as much plain and fancy grafting as there ever had been, although Dan Moody was never accused of participating, and throughout the Sterling administration the same thing went on.

These things, of course, gave Pa something to talk about when last year he again went into politics with Ma as his candidate. And did he talk about them, and did the people listen? Huh! Whenever and wherever Pa spoke he did so to tremendous audiences, but, as he hinted to me, those crowds were not gathered together nearly as much to hear Pa's comments anent the misdeeds of Messrs. Moody and Sterling as to listen to the story of how Pa and Ma—two governors for the price of one—were going to tackle the job of rescuing Texas from its unhappy predicament.

Among Ma's remedies were the following:

A constitutional amendment exempting from all taxes any homestead valued at less than $3,000. Consolidation of as many county offices as possible into one. Election of highway commissioners by the people. No state bond issues for highway construction. No machine labor on road work where hand labor could possibly be used. More public schools. A two-year equity of redemption on farm and home foreclosures. Taxes to be levied only against an owner's equity in real estate with the holder of the vendor's lien paying the balance. Extension of 1932 taxes for two years with the proviso that if they are paid within that period all interest and penalties will be waived. A redistribution of the gas and auto tax, which amounts to $43,000,000, in such a way as to save the taxpayers $13,000,000 in ad valorem taxes.

Was that a list of proposals, especially with Pa presenting it, which was calculated to win votes? It was and did. Thus Pa, with Ma merely as a shadow in the background, is again in power in Texas.

A Chance to Perform

He is there by virtue of the votes of the lowly; because many people, not so lowly, expected him to supply them or their relatives with jobs, and furthermore because of the promises, as above set forth, which he made in the ten-plank platform which he devised for Ma to run on. But will he keep those promises, or will he look at them in the same way that Sarah Bernhardt looked at the Decalogue? When she was asked one day if she believed there ought to be an Eleventh Commandment, the great Frenchwoman replied: "*Mais non*, there are already ten too many." Pa may be like that. A good many people think he will be.

On the other hand, there are thousands of men and women in Texas—and I talked to some of the most intelligent people in the state about it—who were formerly enemies of Pa but who are now for him because they believe that this time he is going to come clean. If he does he can give Texas the best administration it has ever had, and can do it at a time when it sorely needs it.

By almost universal consent, Pa is admitted to be the most capable man in the biggest commonwealth in this country. His severest critics admire him for his ability and his bitterest foes are ready to salute him for his courage. In other words—and herein lies the plain answer to the question: how does he do it?—Pa Ferguson is the only man in public life in Texas today who is equipped with the qualities necessary to make him a leader. That he has misused his leadership in the past is the charge openly made against him but that he will not do so again is the hope of the people of Texas.

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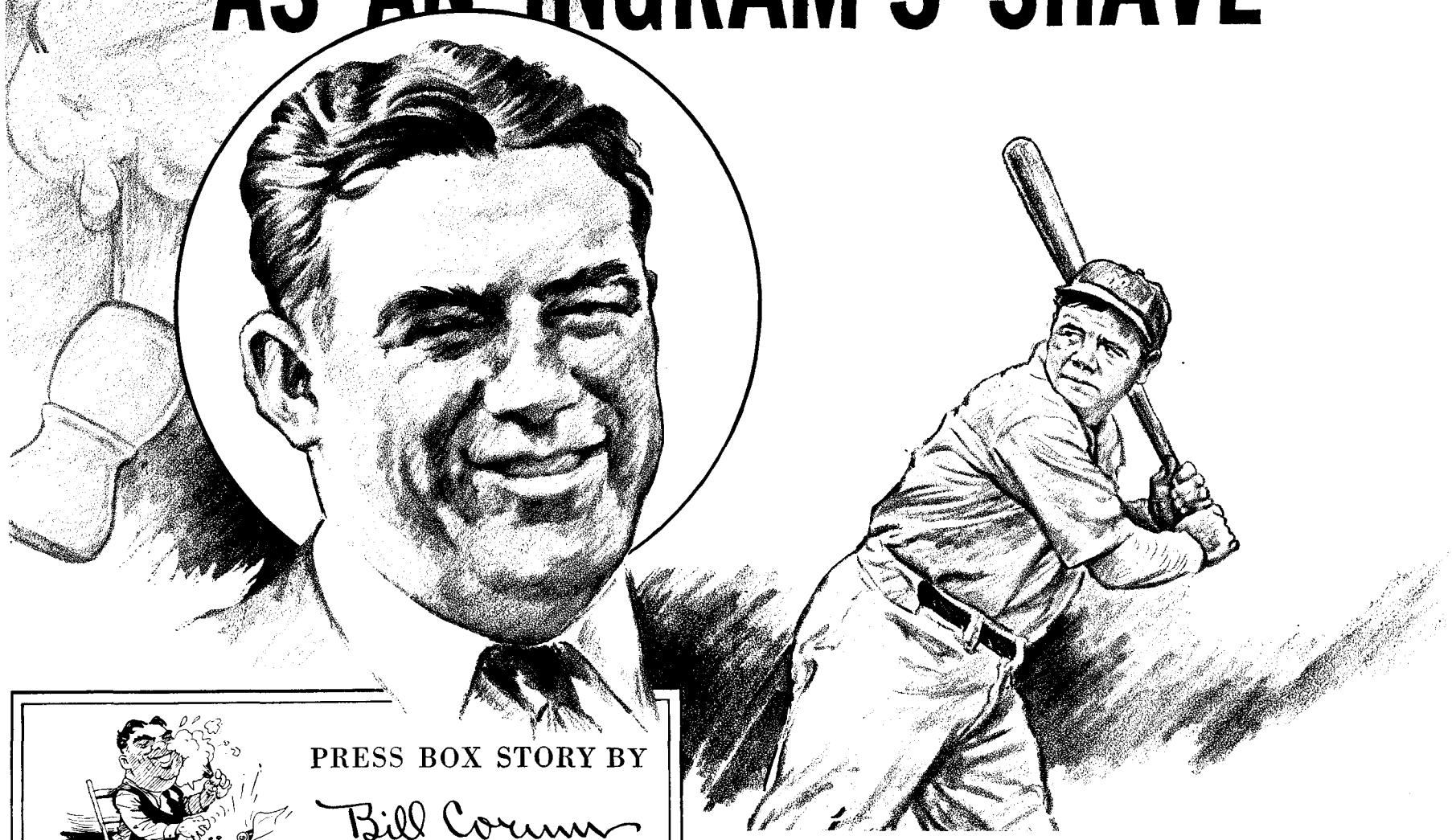
WHEN THE "BABE" WAS AS COOL AS AN INGRAM'S SHAVE



PRESS BOX STORY BY

Bill Corum

Sports Columnist N. Y. Journal

In my business a fellow has to keep cool.

The customers may toss away their hats and pound the little woman between the shoulder blades when a challenger has the champion hanging on the ropes, but a sports writer must remember where he hit him—and with what!

So I prepare by using Ingram's Shaving Cream. You can't be hot and bothered—you don't miss the close ones—when your face is cool and comfortable. Coolness, that's the Ingram prescription—a coolness like the Babe's when the going is rough. And there's a story.

The scene—Wrigley Field, Chicago. The time—the third game of the 1932 World Series. Ruth at the plate. Two strikes on him and the Chicago fans and the Chicago bench riding him for all they are worth.

And the Bambino? He tosses a big grin to the Chicago dugout and the cash customers. He holds up two fingers to show he knows all about those two strikes. And then he points to the spot in center field to show where the ball is going—and never coming back!

Up comes the ball. "Hello, you old potato," greets Babe and smacks the longest home run to center field ever seen at Wrigley Field.

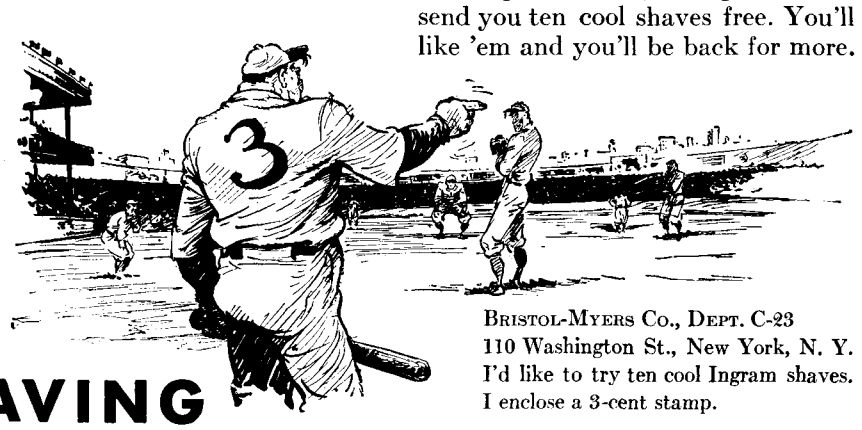
It was like a golfer standing on a 360-yard hole and telling 50,000 persons he was going to cup the pellet in one—then doing it.

Coolness—that's what I like about the Babe. And that's what I like about Ingram's Shaving Cream. I've been using Ingram's for years and my beard's no pushover. With me it's once over and away in time for Boots and Saddles or the first round bell.

I like the tube better because it's handier on long jumps—but tube or jar—Ingram's is one thing I can take on the chin and come up smiling. Believe me—Bill Corum.

* * *

With Ingram's Shaving Cream it's back to the bench with stingless shaves. Every blue and white jar—every tube—contains three special ingredients that guarantee a "no nicks, no burns, no terrors" performance. If you want to find out why—send us the coupon and a 3¢ stamp and we'll send you ten cool shaves free. You'll like 'em and you'll be back for more.



INGRAM'S

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I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
I enclose a 3-cent stamp.

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Gallows of Chance

Continued from page 21

of silence. The orderly returned with a doubled-up sheet of paper. The sub-commissioner and his chief studied it together for a while and exchanged a few words. Then the former returned to his place.

"Very well, Pank," he decided. "You are sacked. You shammed a cold and did nothing to help your superior officers in this investigation. Quite sufficient reason for getting rid of you. Go to the cashier's department, draw what is due to you and sign off."

No man ever accepted dismissal so cheerfully. Pank's eyes were bright as he rose to his feet.

"To whom shall I make my reports, sir?" he inquired.

Colonel Matterson handed him half a dozen envelopes, addressed and franked.

"To me," he instructed. "The envelopes I am giving you are marked so that they are only opened by myself, and all I can say is: I hope you send us good news. But what about money? Unofficially, of course, we will supply you with all you want."

"I have plenty, thank you, sir," Pank replied. "I am a saving man and I have no family. I am going to buy a second-hand sample case somewhere before the shops close tonight, and I am going down by the newspaper train tomorrow morning with a new job—peddling leather heels."

"I hope," the chief commissioner said —for him, graciously—"that your new occupation will bring you back to us."

"I hope so indeed, sir," was the fervent reply, "and good night, gentlemen."

AT ABOUT half past eight on the following morning Ernest Pank, looking smaller than ever in a long and somewhat shabby mackintosh, trudged up the hill from Norwich station, side by side with a truck containing a sample case and his own portmanteau. Instead of patronizing a hostelry, he tramped on for about three quarters of a mile and arrived before a neat little house in a long row of precisely similar residences. He knocked at the door. After a moment or two's delay it was opened by a man in shirt and trousers whose face was half lathered and who still held a razor in his hand.

"What might you be wanting, young man?" he demanded.

Ernest Pank grinned.

"That's a nice way to treat your own nephew, Uncle," he observed.

The man beckoned with his razor to a woman in the background.

"Clara," he exclaimed, "look what the wet weather's brought in! Step in, young man, if you've a fancy to. What have you got in your barrow?"

"Tell you presently," Pank replied, taking off his mackintosh and hanging it on the diminutive rack. "Well, Aunt," he went on, greeting a stout but pleasant-looking woman who had just made her appearance, "what were you thinking of having for breakfast this morning?"

"If it isn't Ernest Pank!" she exclaimed. "Why, lad, I thought you were a policeman in London! What are you doing in these parts?"

"I tried that police job," the young man confided. "I didn't do so badly at it, but it was a poor show. I'm a commercial traveler now. And I wondered, as you have only cousin Amy left at home, whether you have an odd room and if you could put me up for two or three nights."

His uncle went on shaving. His aunt considered the matter.

"Well, I don't know," she meditated. "You'll have to get your dinner out. The old man don't come home now, but if two meals—breakfast and supper—and your room for six bob a day—"

"They're mine," her nephew interrupted brusquely. "Show me the room and I'll wash my hands and be down after that bacon I smell."

"I can't stop to show you anything," his aunt declared. "You march up the stairs and the first door on your left—that's yours."

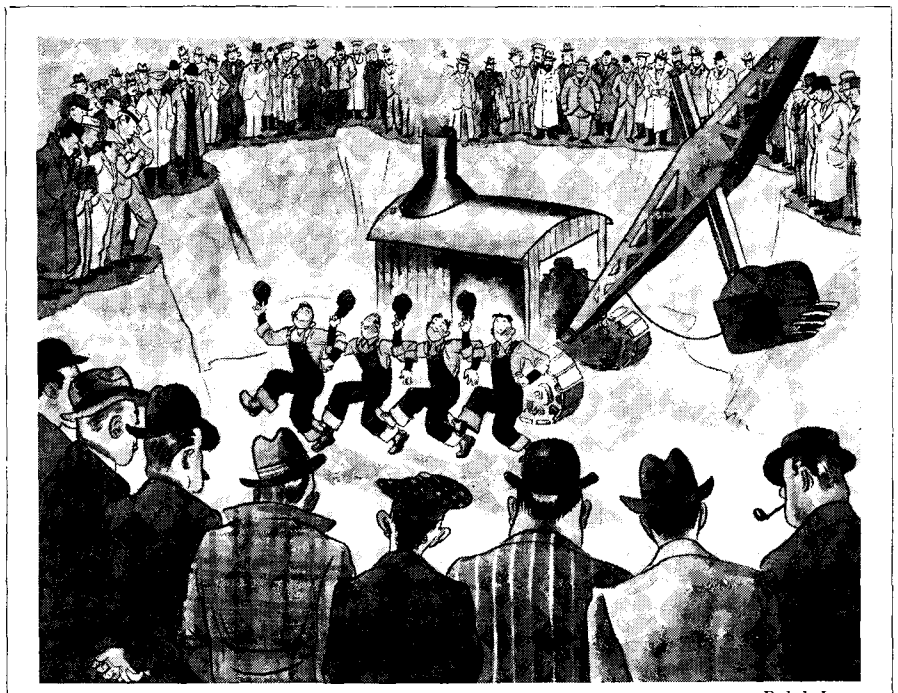
Ernest Pank did as directed. The little room was almost bare of furniture except for the bed, but spotlessly neat and clean. He looked around it with keen eyes, then descended to the street, picked out his personal bag from the truck and handed half a crown to the barrow man.

"Go and get your breakfast," he told the latter. "You can come back here in an hour."

THE man touched his hat and bundled off. Ernest Pank ascended once more to his temporary apartment, opened his bag, washed his face and hands and listened. A sleepy-looking girl with big, dark eyes and a pleasantly provocative mouth looked in at the door.

"Hello!" she exclaimed. "Are you a new lodger?"

"You may call me that if you want to," was the prompt reply. "I'm your cousin Ernest and I'm going to kiss you."



Ralph Lane

"What put that into your head?" the girl laughed, submitting willingly enough to the embrace. "Quite the gentleman, aren't you? I thought you were a policeman up in London."

"I was," he assented, "but since I won in the Calcutta Sweep I've gone into the heel business. I have come down this way to sell a few, and I'm going to board here instead of in a hotel."

"That's all right," she said. "Glad to have you, Cousin Ernest. Come along down to breakfast. . . ."

The four sat round the table and exchanged a little family news before the exodus began. First of all the girl, with a yawn, pushed her chair back, got up and straightened her hat before the mirror. From the door she looked back.

"What time do you finish work, Ernest?" she inquired.

"Same time as you," he answered gallantly. "I'll fetch you from the side door."

"Six-thirty then. So long, Mummie and Dad."

"Full of life, ain't she?" Mrs. Pank asked proudly, as the front door slammed.

"*And* as good-looking as her mother," the young man agreed. "You still at the same shop too, Uncle?"

The latter nodded.

"Foreman now," he confided. "Get my dinner at the mess. Saves me something, that does. It's a long way off down here even when the busses ain't full. See you tonight, Ern."

"Rather," Pank replied. "We'll go round to some of the old places."

Ernest was left alone with his aunt. She refused to allow him to help with the dishes, and pointed to the easy-chair. He sat there, smoking a cigarette.

"What do you do with that nice room when I'm not here?" he asked.

"Let it when we can."

"What was your last tenant?"

"Inquisitive, ain't you? If you take my advice, Ernie, you won't go questioning your uncle about him either. I'm not quite sure why or wherefore myself, but the old man is a bit touchy on the subject. Nice young chap he was too, and paid good money."

"I ain't curious about him," Ernest Pank observed. "I am only too glad he cleared out before I came along. I'll go and get my stock book and start out to see a few customers."

He ascended the stairs, rather pleased to find that they squeaked noticeably, left his door an inch or two ajar, moved his bag onto the bed and commenced a remorseless search of the apartment. After twenty minutes he acknowledged failure. There was not a sign or a relic of any sort of a previous tenant. Reluctantly he put the room out of his mind. Between the chauffeur's neatness and his aunt's cleanly habits there was not even a scrap of paper left behind. He went downstairs, donned his mackintosh, bade farewell to his aunt and called his man.

"GEORGE," he said, "this is not the sort of weather I fancy for tramping about the streets."

"There's no one but a fool would do it unless he had to," was the gloomy reply.

"Well, I don't have to. I have had two good weeks. You follow me up to the Flying Fox."

The man touched his hat. He had not been impressed by his client's choice of a lodging, but the half-crown had been good enough. He wheeled his truck into the yard of the Flying Fox and waited. Presently Ernest Pank appeared, followed by the bootmaker with whom he had been doing a little business.

"Get the cases under shelter," the former directed. "Now, don't open your mouth too wide. How much for the day whether we go out or not?"

"Eight shillings, including the barrow," was the prompt reply.

"Here's half a sovereign, and you can go home and keep warm," his temporary employer enjoined. "I can do all the business I want without carting any stuff around."

The man grinned.

"You're the sort I likes to work for. What time tomorrow morning?"

"Here at nine-thirty. . . ."

Soon after opening hours Ernest Pank made his way to the Cat and Chickens, the small public house where he had heard that one suggestive sentence from the one person who gave point to it. He took an easy-chair by the fire in the parlor, stood a drink to his host, sent the young woman out for the morning papers and made himself comfortable. Not a customer came in, however. At one o'clock he reluctantly made his way to a small restaurant, and the afternoon he spent asleep on his bed, rather to his aunt's disapproval. A treasury note, however, retrieved the situation.

"No need to brag about it, Aunt," he observed, as he accepted a cup of tea a little later on, "but I have not been doing so badly. Got a good bonus when they turned me out of the force. They couldn't stop that because it was coming to me, and I am on a soft thing with these heels."

"I always said that you were a smart lad, Ernest," his aunt commented.

Ernest Pank smiled.

AT HALF past six promptly Amy appeared in the back street behind the important millinery shop where she spent her days. The rain had ceased and Ernest, in his well-brushed blue serge suit and well-selected linen, was a very much smarter person than the young man who had descended from the clouds in a mackintosh. She took his arm proudly.

"Let's go for a little walk," he suggested.

"I'd love to," she assented.

"What about a glass of wine?"

"I don't often go into those places," she hesitated. "But with you," she tugged at his arm, "with you it would be all right."

They made their way to the Cat and Chickens. More disappointment. The man who had been the central figure in all Pank's thoughts lately again failed to make his appearance. Pank, however, who was now welcomed as an old customer, ordered a glass of port for his companion, sherry for himself, whisky for his host, and made himself comfortable in the large easy-chair. Amy sat on the arm and took his hand.

"You may kiss me if you like, Ernest," she invited, as soon as the landlord had disappeared.

"Of course I like," he answered, accepting the invitation. "Aren't I glad I came and looked Uncle and Aunt up this morning? Jolly nice room I've got too."

"Hope you'll stay a long time," she said, cuddling up a little closer.

"If I don't I shall come again," he assured her. "How long did the last lodger stay?"

"Him—oh, only a fortnight."

"Chauffeur, wasn't he?"

The girl nodded.

"Queer chap," she went on. "I didn't like him. He seemed so nervous all the time; afraid to open his mouth for fear something would drop out. First of all

(Continued on page 30)

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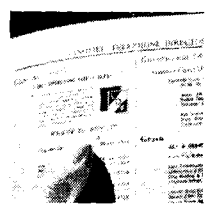

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SOLES

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Gallows of Chance

Continued from page 28

he spoke as though he was someone's chauffeur in the neighborhood, and then we found out that he had got a job at Preston & Sons, the big garage. He went away all in a hurry. I always thought there was something rather queer about it. Not that he didn't pay—he paid all right."

"What was his name?" her cousin inquired artlessly.

"Bowhill. Tom Bowhill. Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly, sitting up with a start.

"What's the matter?"

"Mummie and Dad both made me swear I'd never tell anyone who asked what his name was," she confided. "They said that he was on a special job, that there might be inquiries about him and that no one was to ever answer them. He paid them, I believe, a lot of money for their promise. Now I've done it! But it doesn't matter telling you, does it, Ernest?"

"Of course it doesn't," he scoffed. "You can tell me anything. Tell me the name of your steady if you like."

"I haven't got one," she assured him confidentially. "There's lots of chaps always around, but there's no one I fancy. The millinery is very genteel, you know, and I can't stand these rough fellows after it. Kiss me again."

He obeyed with enthusiasm. She rested her head upon his shoulder.

"Talking about that lodger—I've forgotten already what you said his name was—" Pank remarked, "where did he come from, or rather where did he go to when he left?"

SHE looked up at him with a mild wonder in her eyes.

"Why are you so curious about him?"

"I'm not really," he answered, "but, if you want to know, the only chap I have met from Norwich for a long time said something about your walking out with a lodger."

"Stuff and nonsense!" the girl exclaimed indignantly. "I take a walk sometimes with one or two young gentlemen friends, but I never went out with him—not a yard."

"And I hear," Ernest Pank persisted, "that he left Norwich to go up to London to arrange to get married."

"He didn't go to London at all, not to stay at any rate," Amy contradicted hotly. "He went back to his own home and job somewhere Fakenham way."

"Well, I beg pardon, I'm sure," Pank said earnestly. "I don't care a fig what his name was or where he went to. I was just a bit jealous. Don't let's mention his name again."

"Don't let's," the girl acquiesced. "I have broken my swear word—two or three times over if it comes to that," she added, with a little laugh. "But I know it doesn't matter with you, does it? You're in the family, aren't you, Ern?"

"Am I, dear?"

She sighed.

"I'm afraid you're too used to talking to young ladies. You have a kind of glib way."

"No one else ever told me so," he assured her.

Just then a bulky-looking man, in a gray suit with a patch of white paint near the waistline, opened the door and lounged into the room.

The ex-detective welcomed the newcomer with a smile and a cordial good evening. The latter seemed somewhat surprised, but returned the civility.

"Shall we make room for you by the fire?" Pank suggested. "The young lady and I will move up a little."

"Very kind of you," the other replied, with a deprecatory wave of the hand. "I have a weakness for bars myself. Later on, if I may, I'll bring a chair up. Come on, Harry," he added, making his way to the small opening. "A pint of stout—and look sharp about it."

For some reason or other the owner of the little haven seemed depressed.

"A pint of stout," he repeated thoughtfully.

"What's the matter?" his prospective customer demanded. "It's a good enough drink, isn't it?"

"When you drink my stout or when you drink my beer," the publican replied, "either of them are good drinks, but there's one sad point about 'em—"

"And what's that?"

THE landlord leaned across the extemporized counter which divided the two rooms and was the only thing which suggested a public house.

"They want paying for," he whispered hoarsely. "Look here, Mr. Humble—"

He unhooked a slate which hung in a recess, and tapped with a pencil a certain name with a long list of entries underneath. The name was Humble and the list of drinks consumed was formidable. The owner of the name scowled at the slate.

"All that," he remarked.

"Not to speak of the free drinks you've had," the landlord reminded him. "Now, if you've got the price of a pint of stout in your pocket I won't take it off your account as many would, but I'll give you the stout. Could anyone say fairer than that?"

The landlord looked round the room as though to challenge comment. Ernest Pank met his eye and plunged into the discussion.

"What's all this trouble about a pint of stout?" he asked. "My friend, Mr. Humble, will have it on me."

The latter turned his head. There was something furtive about his expression, as though the sound of his own name had filled him with suspicions.

"How did you know my name?" he inquired.

Ernest Pank smiled. The fact that he had just heard the landlord mention it seemed to have escaped his notice.

"I like that," he exclaimed. "I'm a Norwich man, aren't I? I was down where you used to work, not many days ago. Draw a stout, landlord, and give us another drink each. How's business, Mr. Humble? This is my cousin, Miss Pank."

"And what may your name be?" Mr. Humble asked, not overgraciously.

"Curiously enough," the ex-detective confided, "my name is Pank too, same as my cousin's. Plenty of us about the city and all of us more or less related."

"When were you down at the place where I used to work?" Mr. Humble asked, still suspicious.

"Let me see. It must have been six weeks ago. You were just closing down, I believe."

This was a desperate venture, but just then Ernest Pank felt like taking chances.

"Whether we were or whether we were not just closing down," Mr. Humble said with emphasis, "is no business of any stranger's."

"Don't call me a stranger," Ernest Pank begged good-naturedly. "Why, I've known you by sight as a Norwich man for years."

The drinks made their appearance. Mr. Humble looked with approval at his foaming tankard.

"Well, then, I won't," he consented graciously. "Here's your very good health, Mr. Ernest Pank, and I'm willing enough to be friendly with you and all the world. I might add that I wish our host had a little more confidence in his fellow creatures, and realized that when an artist is temporarily deprived of his occupation he needs sympathy and leniency from anyone who wants to call himself a pal."

"You got my sympathy all right, Mr. Humble," the landlord declared, leaning amiably across the counter. "You've always had that, but you've had twenty-six pints of stout and about the same quantity of beer as well, and some day or other a reckoning would not be so bad."

"Harry!" Ernest Pank expostulated, addressing the landlord. "Harry Chittock, I don't think you quite realize who our friend is. You don't realize his importance."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I don't know much about his job," the landlord agreed. "Not since he came back to these parts, at any rate. He's what I call darned secretive about himself. What I says is I don't care what a man does so long as he behaves and I see the color of his money."

"To show you what I think of Mr. Humble," Ernest Pank continued, thrusting his hands into his pockets, "I'll tell you this, Chittock. If Mr. Humble were to come to me and say 'I have unfortunately become indebted to this house for a trifle like two or three pounds for necessary refreshment,' I would say—'Mr. Humble, as a Norwich man and an old acquaintance, do me the favor of accepting that sum as a loan.'"

The landlord rubbed his hands. This sort of talk might lead to something. Mr. Humble was too much astonished to indulge in the simplest of gestures. His small, crafty eyes seemed to have disappeared in folds of flesh. His shaggy hair seemed more unkempt than ever.

"Well," the landlord remarked, "there is some in this world fortunately has money to throw away on their friends, and there is some as is born so generous they don't know what to do with it."

AMY clasped her cousin's hand Wealth like this must not be allowed out of the family.

"Ernest," she insisted, "that clock is slow, and I don't wish to stay here any longer. Please come."

Ernest Pank rose at once to his feet. The man in the gray suit scowled.

"Going off, are you?" he scoffed bitterly. "After all that fine talk!"

"Only to supper," his new friend confided. "This is a hungry city, you know, Mr. Humble. One must eat here as well as drink. This way, my dear."

He opened the door and Amy passed unsuspectingly into the passage. Her cousin touched Mr. Humble on the shoulder.

"What about a glass at ten o'clock this evening?" he whispered. "We could have a little chat then. . . ."

The walk home was pleasant enough. Amy was inclined to be petulant at first, but at the touch of her cousin's arm around her waist she was a different person. They passed underneath an avenue of trees and under every third one they paused for an embrace.

"You are a one for kissing," Amy rallied him, as they emerged into the civilized spaces.

"When I find something worth kissing," was the gallant reply.

(To be continued next week)

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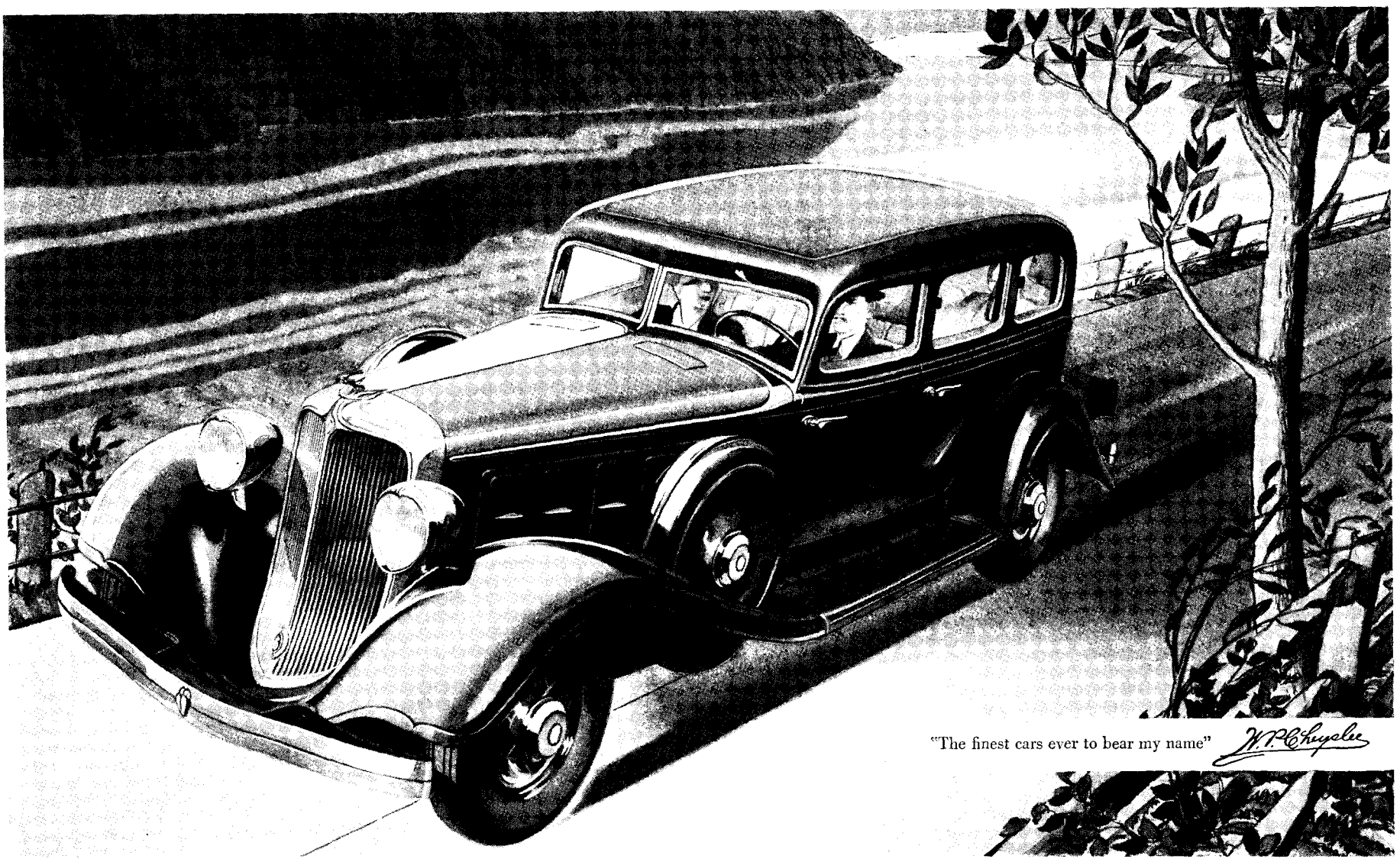

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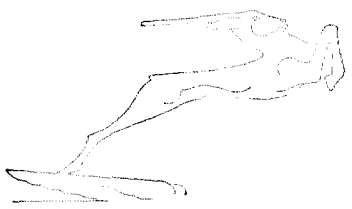

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Tall and Dark

Continued from page 9

phone rang, and she had to surrender the limousine while Crane went, reluctantly, to carry Aunt Ruth to church. Down on the lawn she saw Jim, in flannels, sprawled on a stone seat reading a book. He glimpsed her at the same time, rose hastily, and hobbled painfully off into the shrubbery. It appeared to Sylvia almost as if he were avoiding her. Well, if he felt that way . . .

Her sense of outrage rose during the morning and, when they finally gathered for luncheon, contributed little to the gayety of the meal. Jim paid strict attention to his plate until it was clean. Then:

"Mrs. Henderson," he asked politely, "do you know of anybody who would benefit by my death?"

The good lady was startled. Sylvia laid down her fork.

"I—don't know. Why? In what connection?"

Jim laughed; to Sylvia a mean, sneering laugh.

"Well, somebody tried to get into my room last night. At least, there was a ladder there."

"The gardener must have left it." Mrs. Henderson was relieved but indignant. "I shall certainly speak to him."

"And again," continued Jim, "when I went out on Ranger this morning, somebody scared him and he threw me off. It was done deliberately."

"Goodness! Are you hurt?"

"Well, not badly. But the succession of episodes looks just a little—suspicious, don't you think?"

SYLVIA sniffed. She gazed aloofly at her plate, while her lips formed the word "baby." She was disgusted at the big lunk begging for sympathy.

"But why should you think that somebody wants to do away with you?" began Aunt Ruth querulously. Then a light broke over her countenance. "Oh, I see. Of course. You've been talking with Sylvia. Well, I myself think the idea is utterly morbid. That sort of thing ought not to be encouraged!"

Sylvia could feel Jim's eyes on her, and knew her face was turning red. For an instant she dared Jim's startled gaze. Aunt Ruth had already risen.

"If you don't mind, Sylvia, I would like to ask you about that chair in the library."

Sylvia trailed along, her head high. In the hall a fragment of conversation halted her.

"Look here a second, Wilson." Jim was speaking quietly to the butler. "I know it's a—delicate subject, but—has there ever been any homicidal mania in the family?"

"Not that I know of, sir." Wilson was definite and a trifle resentful. He cleared his throat. "Mr. Henderson said you were to have the brandy, sir. Shall I bring it?"

"Lord, yes, and a big glass. I need it. And tell Crane to have the roadster for me at three. I'm going to get away from here and play golf—if I can move my left arm."

When Crane returned from his lunch, he found Sylvia in the garage, grimy and with a handful of tools, beside the roadster. The look he gave her was suspicious.

She was defiant.

"Here are your tools," she said, holding them out. "I borrowed them to fix a wrist watch."

Crane looked at the wrench, hammer and pliers, and his ears got red. What he might have said was eliminated by the appearance in the doorway of Jim, golf clubs in hand.

"I'm going to play golf," he announced coldly.

"Oh, you're going to play golf?"

"Yes." Watching her rather warily, he stowed the bag in the rumble. When he got the engine started it seemed to run badly, missing on at least two cylinders. But he backed out the door, slammed the gears and was off down the drive at ten miles an hour.

"Now," said Sylvia, "I think I'll have the station wagon. I may run over to the club myself."

Her heart was light within her as she sped along the drive toward the main road. The greatest danger of all—motor accident—had been averted by her own wit. Now she had performed the last fine particle of her duty to her fellow man. He was safe for the day. After midnight he could go to blazes.

Unfortunately, she was not clairvoyant. Beyond a particularly sharp bend the Fates had decreed that Jim Harper should be standing beside the open hood of the bullet-shaped roadster, testing spark plugs with a screwdriver. The engine had heated up and the miss had persisted.

"Inhale!" *Jack Kabat*

Sylvia saw none of this until the instant before she crashed into the other car. Then the scene was photographed indelibly on her mind, together with the horror that looked out of Jim's face as the roadster was catapulted from under his hand.

"You—drive too—fast!" gasped Sylvia just before she fainted.

IT WAS a wistful, rather chastened young lady who wakened early in the evening in the bed of her own making. The day was fading, and a sort of peace lay on her spirit; for even in the confusion of the wreck and her fainting she was sure Jim had kissed her as he picked her up in his arms. The household had quieted down, Aunt Ruth had gone to bed with a headache, and a doctor had assured them all that Sylvia's injuries were more to the soul than to the body.

A storm was on its way. A faint sound of thunder came from the west.

She rang for the maid, then got stiffly out of bed to do her hair.

"Ask Mr. Harper if he wouldn't like to see me," she directed.

"He's not here, miss," said the maid. "He went out in the canoe—put his bathing suit on and everything."

"But, why?"

"I don't know, miss," the girl answered diffidently. "But he told the butler he wanted to get away off, where he could see in all directions."

RUNNING to the window, Sylvia saw a bobbing speck half a mile from shore. As if to confirm her fears, a roll of thunder came from the mainland. Ugly, cone-shaped clouds poked their heads up into the darkening sky.

Jim could never get to shore. . . .

Sylvia flung into her clothes. She ran to the boathouse. From the porch she could see Jim, paddling strongly.

The speedboat roared on the second turn of the starter. Sylvia breathed a prayer and cast off. Another boat, a small motor craft of the put-put variety, had veered out, but when it saw her direction it swung back into its own course. In a matter of minutes she was halfway out in the bay.

She saw Jim's lean figure stand up, swaying perilously in the first whitecaps. He waved frantically, and she waved back. In another brief space she had come abreast and begun to circle, to pick him up as she headed for shore.

Then she saw that he was waving to her to keep away. Something like terror was in his expression.

As she threw the wheel hard over the canoe spun unexpectedly and pointed away from her, Jim's paddle digging deep. The maneuver was unfortunate. The first wave of the speedboat's wake picked up the light craft on a two-foot crest of foam. It hung there breathlessly, then toppled. Jim vanished in a grotesque whirl of arms and legs. The canoe rolled over and floated, sickeningly, bottom up.

Sylvia hove to and waited. The first heavy drops of rain fell. Jim was a good swimmer. But *he didn't come up!*

She had her shoes off and was poised on the step when the put-put motorboat pulled alongside. A businesslike young man waved her back and plunged over the side into the gloomy water. He came up for a breath and dived again. This time he was gone until Sylvia had fallen into the grip of an unknown terror. Then he reappeared from directly beneath the canoe and swam over to her.

"Listen, sister," he panted, "you better go ashore."

"Where is he?" she cried wildly. "You've got to find him!"

"It's no use, I guess. But anyway, the place for you is home. I'll stick around here. You beat it."

She collapsed, moaning, onto the soggy leather cushions.

"Beat it," the man commanded. "I'll do everything that's gotta be done. Don't say no word to nobody, though; don't tell the police. Unless"—he added in a tone which suddenly carried a threat—"you want them bustin' in askin' about homicidal maniacs!"

Horror and surprise mingled in her face.

"I didn't do it!" she gasped. "Oh, my God, I loved him!"

"Well," said the man unfeelingly, "from what I hear you got a funny way of showin' it. Beat it!"

He left her too numb with tragedy to wonder what he was talking about. The sea flattened out, its surface sprouting with tiny waterspouts. Nowhere did anything appear which could be mistaken for a head. The stern young man made a few more half-hearted dives and then retired to his boat, to sit watching her. When at last it was apparent no hope remained, she headed the powerful craft toward shore.

One thing the man had said kept ringing dully in her mind: homicidal mania. It was the phrase Jim had used.

Somehow she managed to dock the boat and to creep up the back stairs to her room. There, flinging herself onto her bed, she wept, her body torn by great, broken sobs.

She knew now. She loved him. There never had been anyone but him. And she had killed him.

AFTER a while she got up and crawled to Jim's room, there to sit, shivering in the darkness, while the rain beat down outside. When she stopped crying she realized she was cold. Jim's dressing-gown hung in the bathroom, and she lit a light and traded it for her dress. It was a little like having his arms about her. In one pocket she found a bundle of papers and glanced through them swiftly. But they were all legal documents of one sort or another. Not a word in feminine handwriting. So she would not have to share Jim with anyone.

Eventually, exhausted, she realized that she must go and confess, regardless of the consequences. With a last look around, she switched off the light. In the darkness the rain clamored against the window. Jim was out there. . . .

A faint scratching caught her ear. An instant later the hall door opened a crack and a thin wedge of illumination fell across the floor.

She held her breath. Whoever it was outside, he was cautious. Now apparently he was listening. Instantly Sylvia understood: last night's burglar, come after Jim's precious papers. She clutched them to her.

Noiselessly she slid into the clothes closet next to the bathroom and with infinite care drew the door shut except

(Continued on page 34)

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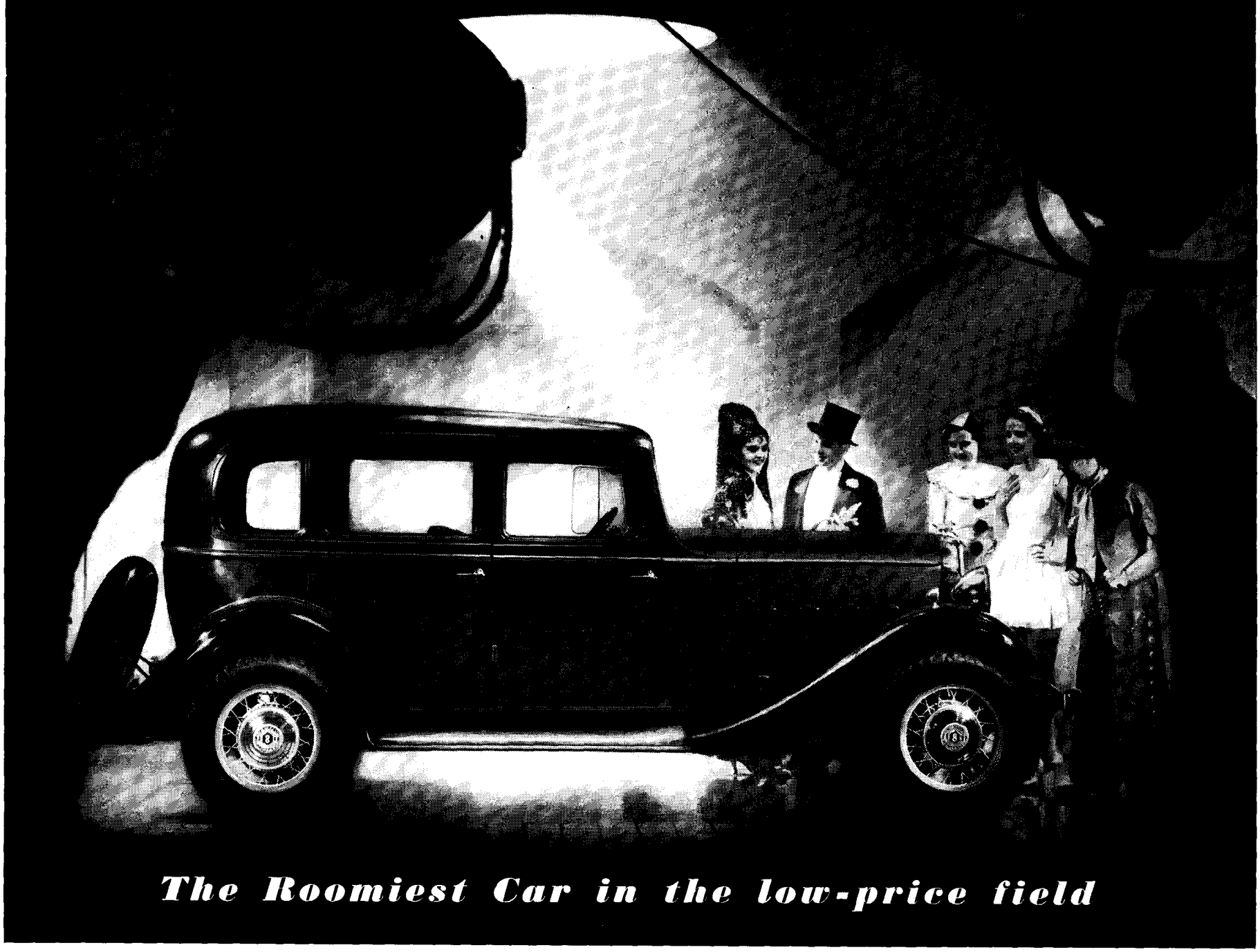
the Terraplane Eight



The Roomiest Car in the low-price field

● THE ONLY CAR THAT WILL OUT-PERFORM THE TERRAPLANE SIX...AND "BUILT BY HUDSON"

With considerably more room inside than any other car in the low-price field, with perfect closed-car ventilation, deep-cushioned comfort and almost magical ease of operation, the new Terraplane Eight would be distinguished even *without* its performance superiority.

But its performance is *incomparable.*

And this performance is the result of a new *method* of car-building — Unit-construction — which, in the opinion of automotive engineers, marks the furthest single advance in motor-car engineering since 1915.

In the new Terraplane Eight, Unit-construction has produced a car which will out-climb and out-accelerate, by a wide margin, every other stock-car ever built—and *the only car in the world* that will out-perform the hitherto unequalled Terraplane Six.

Only Unit-construction permits the mounting of a great 94-horsepower engine in a car-unit so free from non-structural weight as to achieve an airplane ratio of approximately 1 horsepower to each 29 pounds, even in a full-sized sedan.

No car built in the old-fashioned way can offer such a power-to-weight ratio.

The building of body and chassis together as a single structural unit, to provide absolute rigidity, lifts a very great burden of unnecessary weight off the engine. The use of air-wheels and thermostatic, double-acting shock absorbers, plus the lowest center of gravity, assures all the fine riding qualities of the heaviest car.

Not only is the Terraplane Eight one of the handsomest cars on the market at any price, but it has an invincible ruggedness which has already been proved by hundreds of thousands of miles of driving under all conditions.

We and Hudson-Essex dealers everywhere invite you to drive a Terraplane Eight at your earliest convenience. Prices start at $645, f. o. b. Detroit, for the Coupe model.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich. Hudson-Essex of Canada, Limited, Tilbury, Ontario. Also builders of the Hudson Super-Six and the Hudson Pacemaker Eights, Major and Standard Series.

THE TERRAPLANE "8"——————not just a car, but a thrilling experience

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STOP
putting germs in your pocket!

Colds pour millions of germs into handkerchiefs—germs which infect hands and clothing

KLEENEX disposable tissues end this danger

A COLD-FILLED handkerchief is revolting to any sensitive person. But that is not the worst about it.

Germs are easily dislodged from handkerchief fibers. They infect the hands, the clothing—and infect the face and mouth each time the handkerchief is used.

Colds are so likely to turn to serious complications that it pays to take every precaution. Don't carry a germ-filled handkerchief about with you! Give your cold a chance to get well.

Use Kleenex. It's so much *cleaner*. Tissues are simply destroyed, germs and all. And in the meantime, the germs are safely held in the powerfully absorbent Kleenex fibers. It is almost impossible to dislodge them.

Regular size now 25c

Kleenex now comes in many forms, making these tissues ideal both for handkerchiefs and for removing cold cream. In rolls and packages; extra-size tissues; and finished handkerchiefs, known as 'Kerfs. At all drug and department stores.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

A famous scientist has definitely proved that Kleenex fibers hold germs tightly. Thus, they cannot spread infection or self-infect the user. Tests show germs are easily dislodged from handkerchief fibers.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

Tall and Dark

Continued from page 32

for a crack. Then she huddled back into a corner.

She could hear a man breathing, almost gasping. The sound filled her with terror. Perhaps he had been wounded and had crawled here, desperate to commit any crime to get the very documents she held in her hand.

Faint noises. That was the suitcase in the corner. She heard the click of the latches and then a hollow metallic sound. Now a gurgling sound came, lasting for fully half a minute, to be broken only by a quick gasp for air before it resumed.

Jim.

She nearly cried out. Instead, she clutched a hook and clung there quivering. *Jim!*

She saw it all in a sudden clarity of vision. He hadn't drowned. He had hidden. When a canoe capsizes it does not fill entirely—air remains imprisoned in the hull. He had hung there, his nose pressed up into the narrow air space, until she had given him up. That was where the grim young man had discovered him—had received instructions to get her out of the way.

THE revulsion left her stunned and weak. Then swiftly tears of rage rushed to her eyes. He had played that ghastly joke on her deliberately. This was the man she had loved!

If she had thought, ridiculously, that her heart was broken a few minutes ago, she had only to listen to its pounding now. Hatred possessed her. She loathed Jim Harper as she had never loathed anyone before.

It was quite a while before she remembered her dress.

That bedraggled garment hung in the bathroom, in place of Jim's dressing-gown. The dressing-gown enclosed Sylvia and a very few items of clothing. Jim would miss it and begin a search.

In panic she squeezed herself back into the farthest corner of the closet. Her arm touched something soft. It breathed. It was a man.

"If you squeak," whispered the man, "I'll blow the middle out of you. Put them hands over your head."

Sylvia did. The man's hand slapped her expertly on the pockets.

"Woop!" he said, and desisted. Sylvia's fingers, clutching anything for support, found themselves possessed of a bootjack on an upper shelf. Just then a click and a ghostly glow announced that Jim had switched on the lights. His strides approached the closet.

The ghostly glow was all Sylvia needed. As the man turned his pistol toward the door, she brought down the bootjack with all her strength. The gun went off, blowing a neat hole in the panel. The man fell outward at Jim's feet. Sylvia stooped and recovered the revolver, leveled it at Jim.

"Stand to one side," she commanded. "Let me out of here!" She was white, but held her head high. She had to keep it high to avoid going into a spin.

Jim stared at her queerly. He put out his hand:

"Give me that thing."

Suddenly all the courage went out of her at once, leaving her limp. Meekly she obeyed.

"Now those," said Jim. The envelope came from her pocket and was tossed onto the bed. Jim's face was grave.

"So that was what you were up to," he said at last.

The man on the floor stirred and sighed. Jim stepped back to a safe distance and waited. At length the fellow sat up. He looked at the revolver, looked at Jim, looked longer at Sylvia, but apparently decided that there was nothing to say.

At that moment there came a frantic pounding on the door.

"What's the matter?" came Aunt Ruth's voice. "Is anything wrong?"

Jim hesitated.

"It's all right," he called, his gaze on Sylvia. "I—merely threw an electric light bulb at a cockroach."

Silence. Then Aunt Ruth's outraged snort, followed by her retreating feet. Next, keeping a wary eye on the prisoner, Jim called the garage on the house phone and told Crane to come with a rope. They waited.

Sylvia felt very much like crying. Two or three times she started to speak but Jim's expression stopped her.

"After all," she said at last, in a small voice, "I *did* save your life."

"So you did," said Jim soothingly. "We can explain all that to the police."

She thought for an instant that she caught a twinkle in his eyes and her temper rose.

"Well, at least," she flared, "you'll let me get some clothes!"

Jim nodded. She passed Crane in the hall and ignored him. When the little procession stopped outside her door she was ready. In the garage they got into the limousine.

"You're driving," announced Jim to her. "And don't forget I've got the gun beside you. Crane, you mind the baby in back. And take along a jack handle in case he cries."

Sylvia drove slowly. She stared straight ahead, her profile rigid.

Deliberately Jim put his arm around her.

"Now tell me why you did it," he ordered.

"Take your arm away."

He did, but deprived of it, Sylvia felt suddenly crushed and pathetic.

"If you don't, I'll kiss you," said Jim casually.

She told him. Bitterly and with hatred.

He had the grace not to smile when she confessed about the fortune-teller. Nor did he interrupt. Even when she had finished he said nothing. At last he looked at his watch and compared it with the clock on the dash.

"It's three minutes after twelve," he said finally. "And since that day is past and over, we might take a chance on a little more speed."

SYLVIA jammed her foot down on the accelerator. The car careened through the night. From the back a faint protest went unheeded.

She could see Jim struggling with a smile, and the sight infuriated her. He looked so smug, so superior. And he was about to say something. She could see him turning it over in his mind. Well, let him say it. And then she would say a few things.

"Tall and dark and formerly very close to you," murmured Jim. "Did you know—did your aunt tell you—she had a wire saying that that old colored nurse of yours, Martha, died today?"

Sylvia felt dizzily that fate had won. She could battle against it no longer. When the car had successfully negotiated the ditch, the fence and the tree which fate had interpolated in their path, she was whimpering softly. Jim made no sound, but sat clutching the bridge of his nose where fate had dealt it a stout blow with the dashboard.

It took all Sylvia's remaining strength to pull his head over so that she could cry.

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Liars' Parade

Continued from page 17

rooms with prisoners' pens, one for women, one for men. Inspector Sullivan calls a case, names the police precinct in which the alleged crime was committed or the arrest made, and a detective leads out the accused. They line against a wall, watching their predecessors on the lighted platform, gaining respite to formulate answers to questions they hear asked.

But once before the lights, with Inspector Sullivan's barbed voice prodding them, they find his arsenal of queries inescapable.

The Police Mill Grinds

Three men—two of them brothers—are pushed on the platform. The charge against them is possession of narcotics. Sullivan tackles one of the brothers.

"Where did you get this opium?" he asks. He doesn't inquire whether the man had it.

The prisoner, a nattily dressed foreigner, stares at the merciless microphone before him.

"Some chorus girls brought the stuff to my apartment."

Sullivan switches to the tall man between the two brothers.

"Did you take the drugs to that apartment?"

"No!" he snaps.

"What's your occupation?"

"I'm a chauffeur."

"Ever been arrested before?"

"No!"

The inspector smiles—a smile of provocative tolerance.

"1927—carrying concealed weapons—twelve months Welfare Island. 1930—possessing burglar's tools—two years, paroled. You're out now, under parole, William, and yet you can't remember ever being arrested before. We're not so forgetful around here."

He turns the attack on the second brother:

"What's your occupation?"

"Plumber."

"Where do you work?"

"I ain't been workin' for nine months."

"You wear good clothes and live comfortably, and you're out of work. Where were you born?"

"Austria."

"Citizen of the United States?"

"No."

"Well—we may arrange for your transportation back to Austria—after a little sojourn at Sing Sing."

A detective steps forward to whisper to the inspector, who resumes—to the prisoner:

"A friend from Philadelphia recognizes your face. Probably a branch of your plumbing business over there?"

"I ain't never been to Philadelphia."

"No? 1927—arrested Germantown, extortion, eighteen months. Eastern Penitentiary. We'll give you the benefit of the doubt—you'll go back to Philadelphia when we're through with you."

The inspector waves a thick, capable hand like the end of a war club. The boys depart.

Next is a short, well-dressed man with the bright, mirthless smile that is a dangerous signal anywhere. Congenitally bad men seem to cultivate this disarming trick when it isn't a natural gift.

"Harvey Peters," the inspector booms. "What ever made you think this was the open season for hold-ups on Broadway?"

Here's a wit. He parries:

"Never knew there was a closed season, Chief."

"Where did you get your gun?"

"My mother left it to me."

"How many hoists have you made since hitting New York?"

"Six."

"Including the shoe store at Forty-ninth and Broadway?"

"No, sir," he purrs. "Not counting that one."

"We'll count it."

Mr. Peters goes. Another comes—a lank youth from Los Angeles, who has likewise borne his talents to Broadway. Entering a crowded restaurant, he took the day's receipts from the cashier at the point of a gun, shot at and missed her when she screamed, then was nailed by a bus-boy in a flying tackle as he tried to charge a revolving door.

"Ever been arrested before, Larry?" the inspector asks.

"Never."

"Correct. But you would have been if you hadn't hopped from San Francisco in the nick of time. The California police tell us you had a dress rehearsal out there for your New York act. You out-of-town boys ought to know that Broadway is the best-protected street in the world."

He sends Larry on his way to mull over that remark for the next few years.

Out of a score or two prisoners produced in an average line-up, the majority will be forthright cases where the crime cannot successfully be denied and the prisoners admit it. They are principally eager to appear as first or, at the most, second—and, in extremity, third offenders. A fourth conviction for felony, in New York State, draws a mandatory life sentence.

But their fencing to appear as innocents caught in their first wayward step crumbles before the uncontradictable record. Instantly on arrest for a felony a prisoner is fingerprinted—all his fingers and both thumbs. These are rushed to headquarters, whose Bertillon department is the world's most efficient. Speedily the fingerprints are checked against card-indexes under types of crimes, for the habitual crook sticks to his past. When the line-up begins at nine o'clock in the morning the man, or woman, who has been arrested before on a felony charge is hopelessly stymied by a lemon-colored record sheet on Inspector Sullivan's lectern.

A Strange Place for Charity

The oldest of all criminals to face Inspector Sullivan was a woman eighty years of age—a chronic shoplifter and petty swindler—whose shabby clothes and disheveled white hair gave her the appearance of a battered dowager. Her life had been a succession of police-court episodes—to the weariness of the police. Petulantly she denied each item in a long indictment.

"We'll let the Salvation Army look out for you," said the inspector.

Charity—and there's some of that to intrude even in the stern routine of the police gauntlet—modifies harshness towards the very old and the very young. When a youth of seventeen—as one did—makes a pitiable figure as sneak thief, he's held in juvenile court until the police can put hands on his seniors.

In ludicrously baggy clothing—he was the son of a tailor and obviously wore his father's customers' cast-offs—this youngster had improved the shining hour while delivering pressed clothes to steal from patrons—in this case $1,800 worth of jewelry.

(Continued on page 39)

A GUARANTEED INCOME for LIFE

•

$250 a month beginning at Age 55, 60 or 65

THE Phoenix Mutual announces a new Retirement Income Plan under which you get not only immediate protection for your beneficiaries but also, for yourself in later years, a guaranteed income you cannot outlive.

What a $25,000 policy, payable at age 60, will do for you

It guarantees to you when you are 60
A Monthly Income for Life of . . $250.00
which assures a return of at least . $25,000.00
and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live. Or, if you prefer, a cash settlement of $33,750.00

It guarantees in event of permanent total disability before a stated age
A Monthly Income to live on and payment of your premiums while disabled.

It guarantees upon death from any cause before age 60
A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $25,000.00
Or a monthly income as long as your beneficiary lives.

It guarantees upon death from accidental means before age 60
A cash payment to your beneficiary of $50,000.00
Or double the monthly income as long as your beneficiary lives.

Send for the Facts

The plan above is for an income of $250 a month, payable at age 60. You may arrange to retire at other ages than 60 if you wish. You may provide for yourself a Retirement Income greater or smaller than $250 a month. Plans for women are also available.

Other things you can provide for by this program are: Money to leave your home free of debt. An income for your wife in case she should outlive you. Money to send your children to college. Money for emergencies. Money for special needs. There is hardly a financial problem which cannot be solved by this plan.

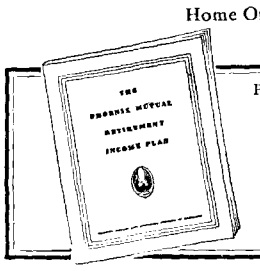
A Retirement Income does not have to be paid for all at once. It is usually paid for in installments spread over a period of 20 years or more. Naturally this makes the individual installments comparatively small.

One of the great advantages of this plan is that it goes into operation the minute you pay your first installment. As you continue to invest, the fulfillment of your life plans is guaranteed.

Even though you should become totally disabled and unable to make another payment, your payments would be made by us out of a cash reserve provided for that purpose. Your home would be left clear of debt, just as you had planned. Your children would go to college, expenses paid, if you had planned it so. And, beginning soon after you were disabled, you would have a monthly income to live on so long as the disability continued, even if it should last the rest of your life.

We should like to send you an interesting 24-page book describing the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. It tells all about the plan and how it can be exactly suited to your own special needs. No cost. No obligation. Send for your copy of this free book today.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Hartford, Conn. Established in 1851



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Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book describing
THE PHOENIX MUTUAL RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN.

Name _____ Date of Birth _____
Business Address _____
Home Address _____

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

HUPMOBILE CELEBRATES ITS 25TH ☆ ANNIVERSARY WITH A NEW CAR FOR THE CAREFUL INVESTOR

Twenty-five years ago the first Hupmobile was built. It was a new kind of car, built on the principle that a motor car should not only run, but run well—and long—and without trouble. That was news, then.

Since that day, 493 makes of motor cars have come and gone.

This year Hupmobile celebrates its 25th Anniversary. That one sentence speaks volumes for the quality of the car—and the Company.

Its balance sheet shows no bonded indebtedness, no borrowed money, and a ratio of current assets to liabilities of more than 7 to 1.

But Hupmobile's greatest asset is an unwritten one. A reputation for quality, dependability, and value which began when the first Hupmobile chugged out of a shop on Bellevue Avenue in Detroit back in 1908.

Even that first car was built for the careful investor—of that day. Even then Hupmobile exceeded contemporary standards of engineering, materials, workmanship. Even then it commanded a higher re-sale value, demanded lower upkeep cost, delivered longer service.

And the new Hupmobile Silver Anniversary Series does credit to its illustrious ancestor—and all its distinguished lineage throughout a quarter of a century.

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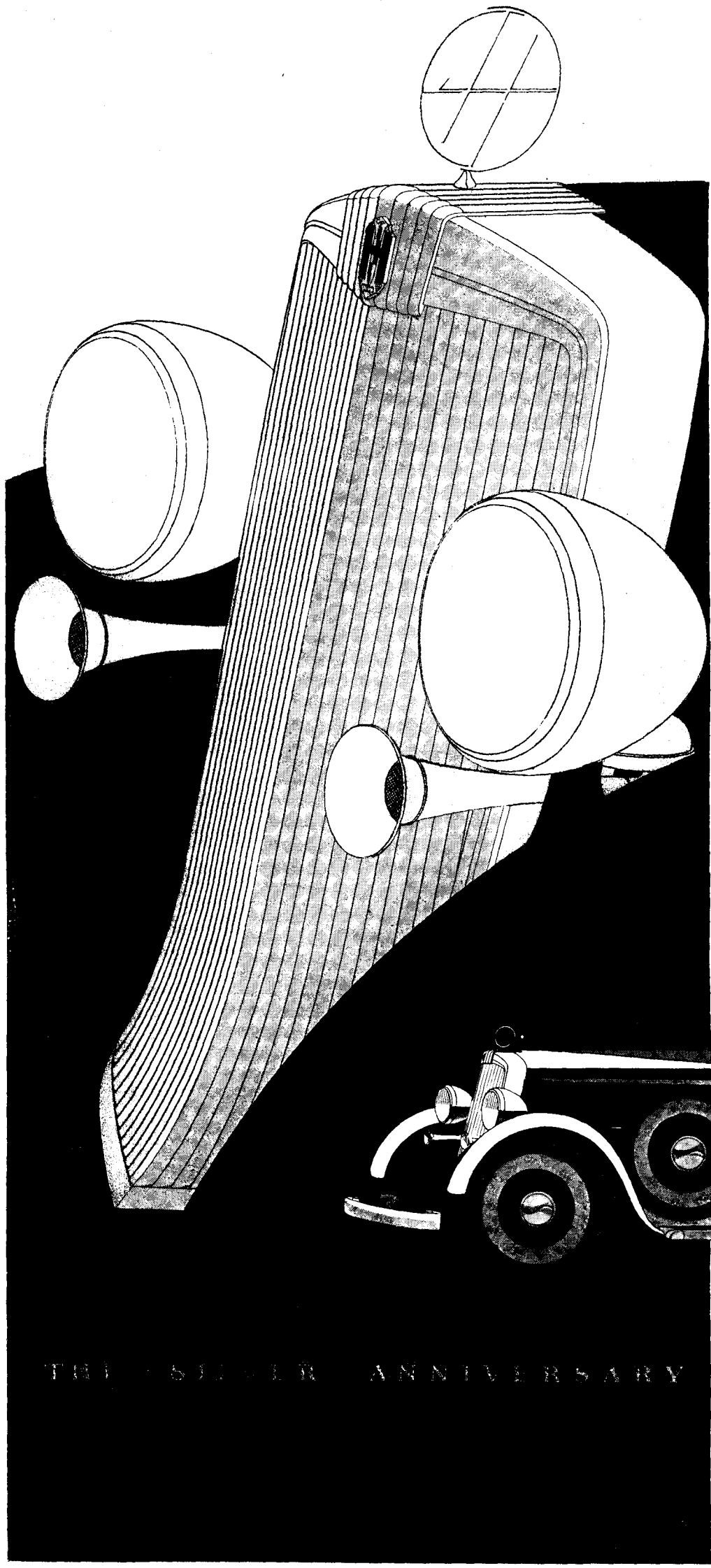
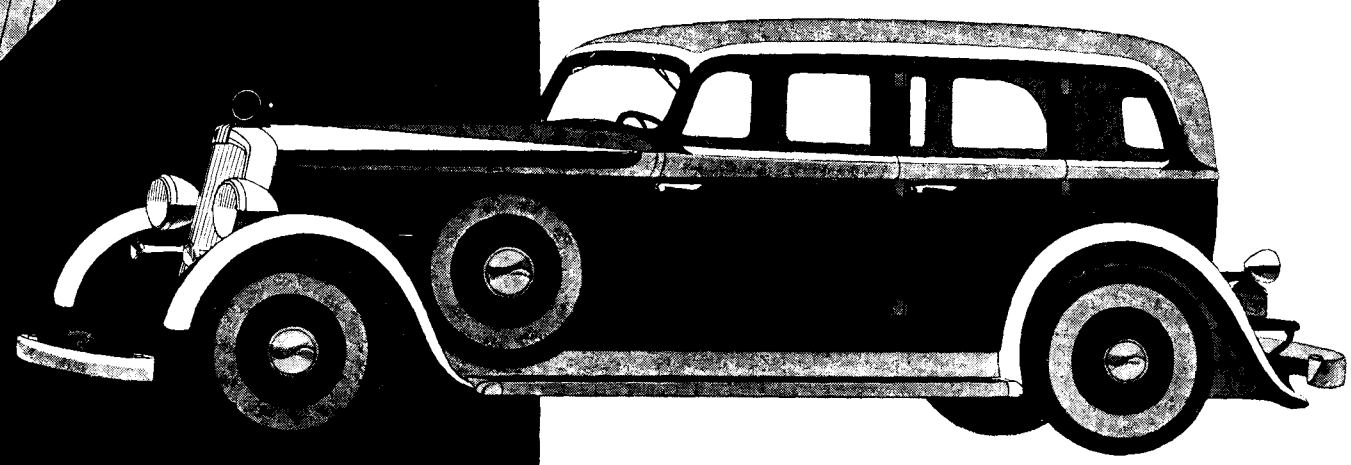


In every model of the 1933 Series you find these latest improvements of engineering and design: Doors of unusual shape and width—for style, for convenience. Automatic thermostatic shock absorbers. Rigid X-frame. Chassis torsional stabilizer. Tubular front axle. Underslung springs. Synchro-silent free-wheeling transmission. Hypoid rear axle. Extreme lowness for safety and riding comfort. Form-fitting fenders and long running board. New full-chromium radiator of aero-dynamic design. Chromium plated dual horns. Longer hood with fashionable narrow cowl and new door type louvers. Increased horse power and increased speed. Safety glass windshields.

Three chassis (Series 321, 322, 326)
Four body styles on each



Five-passenger Sedan (Series 321) . . . $995 (standard equipped) at factory

THE SILVER ANNIVERSARY

HUPMOBILE

SEDAN PRICES $995 TO $1445, at factory

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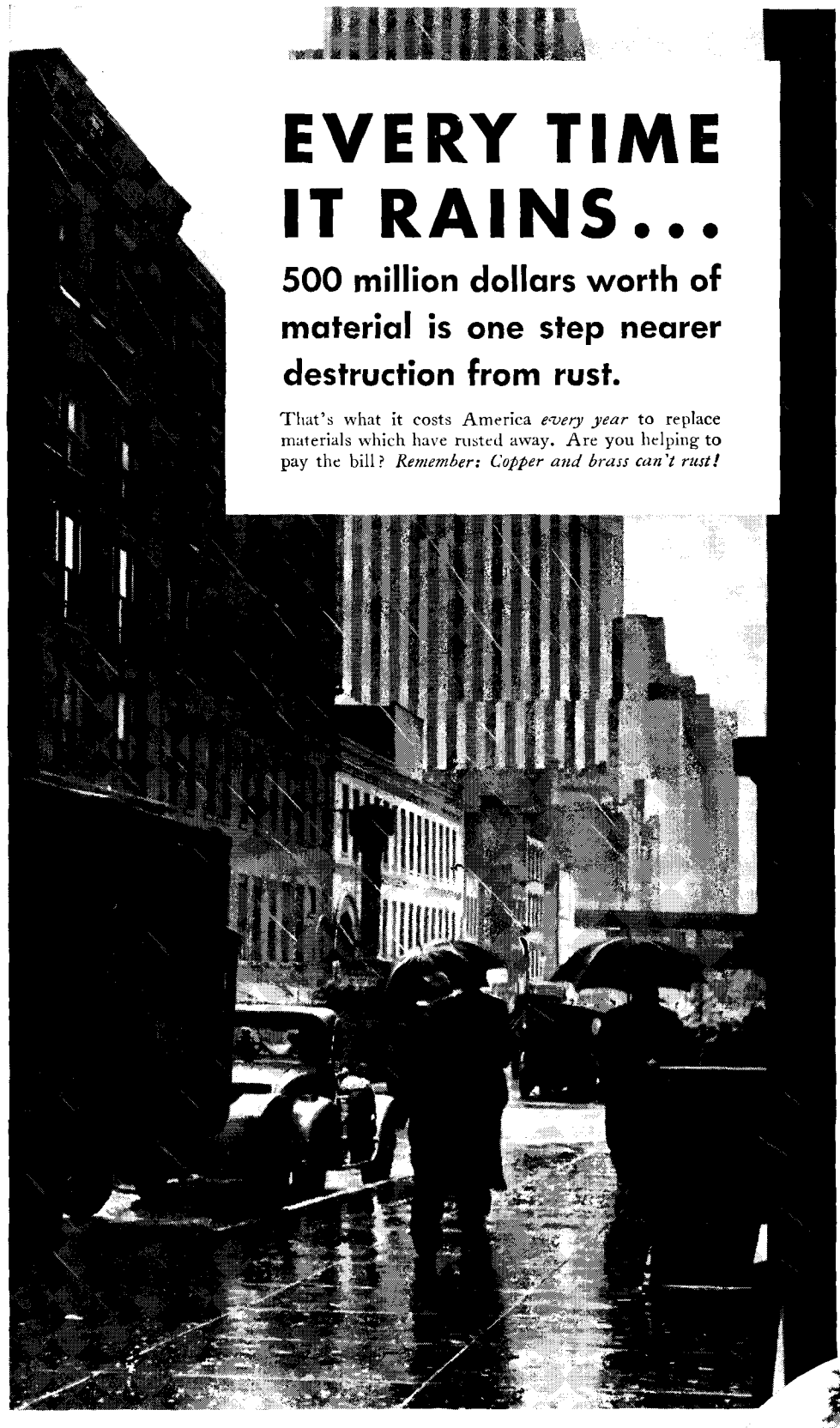
Interesting news about COPPER and BRASS

CLEVELAND SAVED thousands of dollars that time. The bolt (actual photograph!) struck the great Terminal Tower Building, in the heart of the city. But copper lightning rods protected both tower and terminal buildings . . . Unfortunately, there are many buildings in America without that sure protection. The nation's bill for lightning damage runs to 20 million dollars annually.

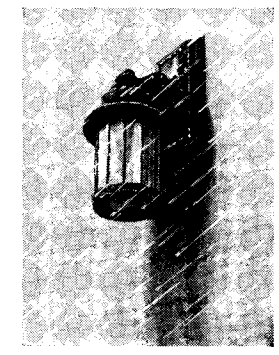


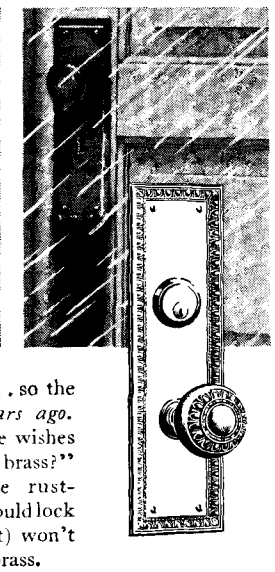
EVERY TIME IT RAINS...

500 million dollars worth of material is one step nearer destruction from rust.

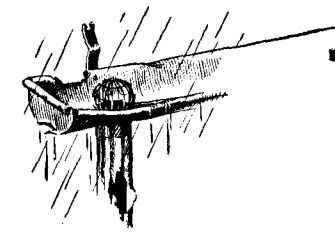
That's what it costs America *every year* to replace materials which have rusted away. Are you helping to pay the bill? *Remember: Copper and brass can't rust!*

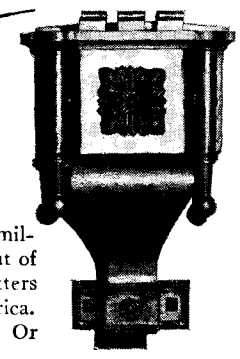
FOR WANT OF A NAIL—the shingle was lost. For want of a shingle—well, see for yourself what happens *every time it rains.* Copper roofing nails *can't rot away!*



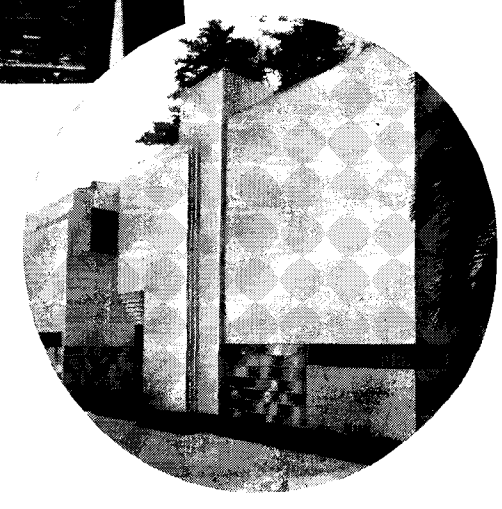


THEY WERE LOVELY... so the owner thought—*two years ago.* Now, *every time it rains* he wishes he'd asked "Are they solid brass?" Then they wouldn't be rust-streaked. Then the lock would lock . . . But the door set (right) won't peel or streak. It's solid brass.

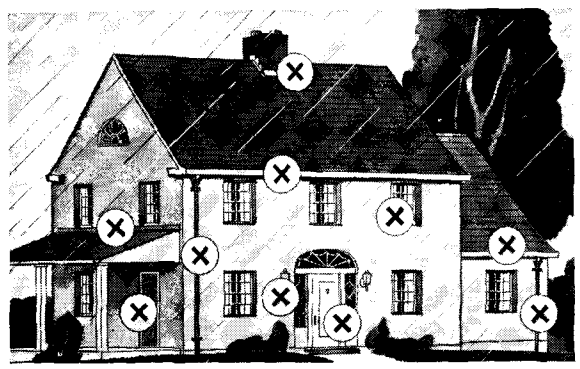




EVERY TIME IT RAINS . . . millions of little Niagaras pour out of the sieve-like sides of rusting gutters and downspouts all over America. But not when they're copper! Or lead-coated copper (at right).



FIVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO people used copper. Today copper is still the up-to-the-minute material. Cedric Gibbons, noted architect for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, used it to get a modern decorative note on his striking Santa Monica (California) home. That wainscot at the base is 8 feet high, 70 feet long, and made of copper. The roof is also of durable copper.



X MARKS THE SPOTS where rust may enter your home and attack your pocket-book. *Unless* you've used *copper, brass, or bronze at those spots.* X = gutters, downspouts or leaders, flashings, screens, weather stripping, builders' hardware, casement windows and fittings (and also water pipe, hot water tanks).

EVERY TIME IT RAINS IN HAWAII... IT RAINS! The official gauge shown below measures 450 inches of rain every year. What do you suppose it's made of?

COPPER & BRASS RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
25 Broadway, New York City

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Liars' Parade

Continued from page 35

"How much did you get for the loot?" asked Sullivan.

"Nothing—yet."

"To whom did you give it?"

"To a man I know."

"How much did he get for it?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen him since."

The inspector waves the boy away to custody until he recalls more helpful details of the man he gave the stuff to.

Subjection of juveniles to this adult pillory is, on its face, objectionable. But youth is so extensively recruited to act as cat's-paw for maturer criminals that all but those of the tenderest years must be exhibited before the assembled eyes of the detective force if there is to be any hope of checking future delinquencies.

Look for the Other Woman

That's about the limit of inquisitorial consideration—for the very young and the very old—when known criminals appear. Of chivalry there is and can be none.

"Women," Inspector Sullivan postulates, "are canny in crime and use every perquisite of sex to avoid justice. Worse, from the standpoint of the police, is loyalty to confederates."

What the police call a round-up brought to the "gymnasium" a company of five—three men and two women. The men were the sleek-haired, well-tailored racketeer type. One of the women was gawky and nasal, the other flashily good-looking and fashionably attired. They were charged with enticing a young man to an apartment where he was bound to a chair and his fingers burned with cigars until he had signed checks. He was not released until these were cashed.

Inspector Sullivan passed from one to the other of these extortionists, each acknowledging that he was in the apartment, that he saw the others there, but asserting that he had nothing whatever to do with the complainant. Finally, with this litter of lies on the stenographic record, the inspector turned on the attractive young woman.

"What's your occupation?" he demanded.

"Housewife," she declared with a flirt of penciled eyebrows.

"You mean you're married?"

"No—not now. I was."

The inquisitor's voice drops to a beguilingly gentle tone:

"I see. You just keep your hand in by housewifing for the big boy at the end."

"I don't know him."

"No? Not as well as we know him." He signals the microphone man to place the instrument before the big boy.

"The last time you were here you had another girl friend. Where is she now?"

The young woman's eyes blaze as her jealousy is prodded. The big boy repeats the question, stalling. His added "I don't know who you mean" helps him little. The police have revealed something unknown to his female confederate. She's returned to a cell for a little wholesome brooding after which they know she'll give the big boy's recent activities a full airing.

"That," says Inspector Sullivan, "is the surest way to shake a woman's loyalty to a companion in crime—touch her jealousy and she tells her tale."

But when they know their gangster boy friend is true, not heaven nor hell can move them to treachery. For the gangster himself is, by the tradition of his type, loyal to his woman. Vincent Coll, the young and handsome Irishman who, after his brother had been killed in a gang fight, became the most ruthless scourge of New York's murderous underworld, had a girl who became his wife and who refused to utter a word as long as he lived.

Coll, on the line-up, was smilingly noncommittal. The police had arrested him for the notorious Harlem baby massacres. They knew he had a mortal hatred of Dutch Schultz, Bronx beer baron, and that he was killing Schultz's satellites one by one wherever he found them.

When he went the way of all gangsters by being put on the spot in a drugstore telephone booth, police arrested his wife for possessing guns. Even at that point she had nothing but threats.

"You coppers," she told Commissioner Mulrooney, "know as well as I know that the dough can spring anybody for anything. In Coll's case the dough went wrong—into the wrong hands. You coppers will see crimes committed by youngsters that will make your hair curl."

Rather typical of the viewpoint and attitude of female auxiliaries of the mobsmen.

You may range through all the categories of crime—and you will if you attend the line-up for long—from white slavers to confidence men who specialize in plain and intricate stock swindling, and they present a pattern of militant frailty that leads to one generally accurate conclusion: That crime is common to men of all colors and all creeds, and to those without creeds. Your professional felon is imbecile in some phase of his cerebrations. He lives by his half-wits.

Every week-day brings its crop of confidence men, swindlers, crude and skillful, all tripping up over some miscalculated detail. They rank in wit and witlessness with counterfeiters.

Five passers of counterfeit money—the biggest round-up in years—adorned the line-up.

"I know where you all live," said Inspector Sullivan. "25 South Street."

That's the Seamen's Institute. It's an axiom with the police that counterfeiters are always guileless sailors hoodwinked by wicked men and women while on shore leave.

Spotting the Specialists

Each of the counterfeiters admitted having one spurious five-dollar bill. That's safe. Anybody can be imposed on with one bill, and the police can make no case unless they find several on a "passer," preferably of different denominations. Smart "passers" tour about, circulating one bill at a time, while their traveling supply is secreted in a car. The police can search the car and find them. That doesn't constitute personal possession. This crowd of "passers" were dumb. Bunches of bills were on them when arrested.

There came a girl charged with felonious assault on a gentleman. Her defense was that she had been shaving him.

The parade is endless; its only refreshing note is an obviously respectable middle-aged man who, in a drunken quarrel, had struck a man and fractured his skull. Held pending the outcome.

"Couldn't you tell?" asked Inspector Sullivan, resting in his tomb-like office after the grilling, which is hardly less an ordeal for him than for his subjects. "That man was honestly repentant for his misdeed. He's no criminal. An accidental lawbreaker. He told the truth of the incident spontaneously, in sorrow. Your pro crook only tells the truth when the record would otherwise instantly prove him a liar.

"That's the principal justification of the line-up," says Sullivan. "Year by year we get to know all the old crooks and their recruits.

"The line-up doesn't exist to scare the crook. I don't suppose they enjoy it; but you'll sometimes see one actually strut across the platform—and the only prisoners who genuinely shrink from it are those not arrested before for felony.

"The detectives are trained by the line-up."

It's empirical training, with accretions of knowledge that develop into a positive instinct for detection. They know the specialties of criminals by repeated examination of specialists, so that when a major crime is committed—i. e., a crime for profit—they are able to review records and personal memories of the line-up and narrow the trail of detection down to specialists in that crime who, at liberty or in prison, make other specialists out of apprentices.

And Along Came Al

The most daring bank-fishing job in years was completed with a getaway. Five one-hundred-thousand-dollar Liberty bonds were "fished" through a bank cashier's grille by the old device of a cane ferruled with chewing-gum. Three confederates distracted a bank guard and two officials during the "fishing" operation by a fourth.

When the alarm came through, Inspector Sullivan flashed word to Boston to look out for the bonds. In Boston they turned up.

"Over the years," he explains, "I've questioned scores of bank fishermen in the line-up—and I've observed that most of them either originated in Boston or learned their racket there."

The same continuous experience of Sullivan and his staff in this never-ending parade turns them to the records of Chicago crookdom when kidnappings occur, and to St. Louis and Brooklyn underworld haunts when clever counterfeiting is uncovered.

There is little surprise in the life of this veteran whose daily task is to examine the mean and motley horde whose perverse way of life is to surprise society.

"I have little hope for the confirmed criminal," he sums it up. "I'd confine him more or less permanently. My theory is that the police should have a freer hand in treating the recruit to crime with firmness that will dissuade him from being a confirmed criminal."

He recalls, doubtless, his experience as chief of detectives in Brooklyn before promotion to headquarters. A peace feast had been held by gangs in the artichoke racket—in 1916 when rackets were prevalent but not publicized. Two men attended that peace feast—left, and, walking together down the street, were ambushed and killed.

In the police round-up of suspects Sullivan arrested, among others, a young man with a scar on his face—who gave the name Al Brown. He sized up the youngster as a bright boy in bad company. He warned him that his end would be bad if he followed up his beginning. He was right. The boy had an alibi—he escaped the law. He also had an alias. His real name was Al Capone.

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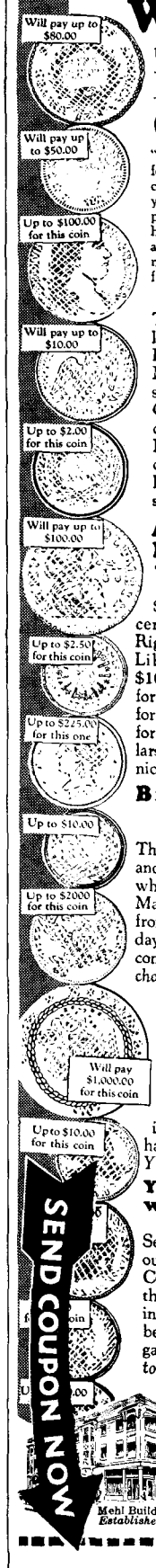
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THE "TRIFLE"

that almost became

A TRAGEDY

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If a Cold DEVELOPS
. . . To END it sooner

The Lion's Daughter

Continued from page 16

unguarded breath of time, the figure in the black armor flung itself full upon him.

He swayed in the saddle, tried to recover his balance, and felt his blade torn from his grasp by the clustering Moorish warriors. Then he and the black chieftain together went down in a crashing mêlée of clanging metal, rearing hoofs, and were smothered by the bodies of white-robed men leaping down upon them.

So swiftly was it done that even the Spanish soldiers did not realize that their leader had been captured. A heavy woolen burnous was wrapped around him, and he was lifted, like a trussed turkey, upon the back of the black stallion.

He heard the high, wild cries of triumph. Jostled and bruised from head to foot, he felt himself being carried at a gallop. The sound of battle diminished in the distance. Presently there was silence, save for the rhythmic pounding of hoofs.

At last the smothering wrapping was jerked from him. He was in the courtyard of the Moorish castle. Around him fierce, dark faces were thrust close to his in derision.

Then through the circle of white-robed bodies there came the mailed figure of the black warrior. The metal-encased hand made an imperious gesture and they lifted him to his feet. Weakly he planted himself, breathing hard, trying to blink away the blood that was running down into his eyes from the freshly opened wound.

The mailed hands went up to the black, turreted helmet, and lifted it off. Don Carlos made a sound of startled incredulity. For with the movement a cascade of dark, curly hair came tumbling down to the armored shoulders. The black warrior was not Ibn Asad—it was a girl!

Her olive-tinted face was smudged with grime and sweat. But nothing could silence the complete femininity of her beauty—not even the heavy, masculine armor in which her body was encased.

"Now I understand," he said faintly, "why my sword sent thy scimitar away so easily. But that armor—the black stallion . . ."

SHE stared at him, tight-lipped and grim.

"I am Armida, daughter of Ibn Asad. My father—is dead. Of all his blood-kin, only I am left to carry on the fight against the oppression of the Spanish King. Send me to a convent, will he? Or parcel me out in marriage like a prize given at a gypsy fair? I think not!"

Her eyes narrowed. They were lovely, long oriental eyes, with lashes thick and curling.

"Thou wert my father's friend," she said in a voice in which scorn and sorrow were mingled; "he spoke much of thee. And now. thou hast come against us on this flimsiest of pretexts, in spite of the treaty, which was of thine own devising. Hast thou any reason for thinking that we will spare thy miserable traitor's life?"

"I do not expect so much," he said calmly.

The crowding white-robed warriors broke into a clamor of tongues and fierce gesticulations. She listened frowning, her dark, expressive eyes half veiled by the heavy fringe of the lashes. Then she spoke peremptorily, and the clamor ceased:

"Christian, they wish to kill thee—now! But thou shalt be held for ransom—a goodly one. Until it arrives, thou art my prisoner, and shall be treated in accordance with the usage that my father established."

Don Carlos smiled slightly, with ironic bitterness, thinking of how His Majesty would receive such news.

"Well?" The girl stirred impatiently.

He shook his head, smiling. And again there was something of wonder in her eyes as she looked at him. He did not seem fierce or cruel, as she had been told . . . an absurd impulse arose in her to wipe away the blood from the wound on his cheek and forehead. He was different from the men she had known in her father's castle. . . .

"It shall be as Your Grace decides," he told her. "And also Your Grace shall name the amount of my ransom—it will not matter how large it is," he added with perfect truth.

"Is thy life so important to the King of Spain?" she asked, with a little sneer behind the real curiosity she felt.

"My life? No. But my death—" again he was speaking the truth that none outside of Madrid would believe—"my death, ah, yes!"

A STRANGE, fantastic month was that which followed. The besieging army, under the command of Don Jorge de Reval, had retreated, knowing that the blame for the Moorish fiasco would rest upon the shoulders of one man. They took back with them the demand of "Ibn Asad" for the ransom of the high-born prisoner, and the ultimatum that unless it arrived before the waning of the next moon, Don Carlos' head would be sent as a trophy to the King of Spain—a defiance, and a warning.

Inside the grim walls of the castle, perched like a sentinel eagle upon the steep summit of the mountain, there was an ever-increasing fermentation. On the one hand there was hatred; fierce, fanatical, the uncompromising hatred of the Orient. The men who had served Ibn Asad demanded more violently each day the death of the Christian prisoner. On the other hand was Armida's growing interest in the Castilian knight. Her father had respected him, she herself found it impossible to hate him. Behind the sternness of his eyes she sensed a gentleness, and a deep sadness that rarely showed, yet never completely vanished.

At first they talked together guardedly, as enemies; or as two people of alien faiths and differing customs. And then, little by little, the enmity ceased. Each found in the other a mind quick and alert; a sympathy uncommon to the narrow fanaticism of the age, and each felt a leaping of the pulses when the other was near. Never had their hands touched. But each, looking into the other's eyes, had felt a strange dizziness and a quickening breath.

Don Carlos' prison was a pleasant place—a great wide chamber high up in the castle, overlooking the valley that had once been so fertile and fair.

But now, upon an afternoon in May, he paced restlessly the length of the chamber, and longed for a sight of the maiden who had come to fill his existence.

A key rattled in the huge lock, and the iron-studded door swung open. Don Carlos stopped abruptly in his pacing, and his hand went up to his breast in tribute to the vision of loveliness that stood there. Armida was dressed according to the custom of her own people, her slender limbs half visible through soft, diaphanous folds of silk and gauze that made wide, ample trousers, fastened at the ankles with jeweled bands. Her arms were bare, and hung with bracelets of heavily wrought gold and silver. Upon her head was a turban of crimson and blue, and under it her thick black hair cascaded in curls to her silk-sheathed shoulders.

She came swiftly towards him.

"Have they—have they sent thee fruit or food of any kind for the afternoon meal?" she demanded breathlessly.

He indicated a brass bowl of piled fruits near the window. "Only a few moments ago it was brought me, Your Grace, but I had no appetite. I have not touched it."

With a smothered cry she darted to the bowl with its enticing, succulent pyramid of fruits, and snatched up a bunch of purple grapes in her hand. Her fingers crushed one of them, and a liquid, amber of color and of peculiar, musty fragrance, ran out over her fingers.

"Dost thou see?" Her voice was low and passionate. "*Poison!* They are trying to kill thee! I heard a whisper of it, and came quickly lest it be too late! Praise be to Allah that I was in time! Fools! They cannot wait for the money—they keep clamoring that it is long past time and will not come! I tell them that it will!"

For an instant they stood thus, tense, unmoving. Then suddenly, scourged by an impulse more overwhelming than the restraint with which he had walled himself round, he caught her hands in his.

"Armida—" he said, his voice unsteady, " I have been a traitor to myself—I have made of thee a traitor to thy people. No ransom will come for me—I am hated by the King and those with whom he surrounds himself. I knew this—my only excuse is that in the first moment of meeting thee my heart surrendered to thy charms as my sword had already fallen victim to thy skill as a warrior. I knew that I was to die, Armida, but, ah, the days have been sweet that have brought me a companionship such as I have never known from woman. I can only ask thy forgiveness, Armida."

She pulled back from him—he released her.

"I—I—" she stammered, staring at him, "I do not know what to say! I am as one in a storm. Only I cannot let thee die—my father would not have done so—"

"Is it—because of thy father, Armida?" he asked gently.

She drew in her breath sharply.

"No—no—" she whispered, "it is because—of thee! I too have been blind; I have not seen—I have not known what my own heart told me—"

HE CAUGHT her to him. Her mouth, warm and soft and virginal, lifted to his. For an instant they clung together in a dizzy ecstasy that shut out the world and its realities. . . .

"Armida—Armida—my life, my beloved!"

Her fingers went up along his cheek to touch the scar upon his face.

"Ah, how often I have wanted to put my hands on this wound—so—and smooth it away! I have wondered why thy face was so sad, my Carlos! I pitied thee—and hated myself for it—then pitied thee the more. Neither could I bear to think what life here would be like, when thou hadst gone back to Madrid. . . ."

The words were like the sudden shock of cold water. His breath came in a stifled gasp.

"My beloved—this does not change

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what must be. My life is of no value to thee. But my death will keep thee in power here. And—I do not think the King will send another force against thee. This campaign was but a pretext for ridding himself—of me!"

She was out of his arms in a flash.

"Never!" she cried out, her eyes blazing fiercely. "Never shall I give thee up! Thou art mine now, and I am thine! We two together! Life for us both, or for both of us—death!"

A rising cry from the turrets of the castle was answered by a scurrying and running in the courtyard.

Armida leaned from the window. Then she pointed, breathless with triumph.

"Look, beloved! Yonder comes a herald bearing a flag of truce! See, he is in Spanish armor! I tell thee he comes with thy ransom! Thou hast friends more faithful than thou didst think. . . ."

She flew to the door, and called out an order down the corridor.

THE man who presently entered the chamber was known to Don Carlos only by sight. Short of stature, honest of face, he had the look of a common soldier or a servant. Armida closed the iron-studded door, so that the three stood alone in the great room.

The little man bowed deeply.

"Your Grace does not recognize me. I am of the Prince's household, Señor, Juan Segoya, at Your Grace's orders, a very humble person, since I am but a groom of the stables. Yet to me His Highness entrusted this commission, since he feared to go higher."

Don Carlos breathed deeply. He could not credit his good fortune.

"You bring—the ransom?"

The little man hesitated. Then he drew forth a leathern bag.

"I bring—*a part* of it, Señor Marques," he said slowly, his eyes flitting fearfully to Armida's face. "This—and the word of His Highness that when he becomes King a royal grant from his own estates will follow it, to the amount demanded by the Moors."

Don Carlos' eyes grew misty. Scarcely could he keep his voice steady as he said:

"It is worth more than all the treasure of Spain to know that there is in the world such loyalty as I now know exists. From his own resources has the Prince drawn this money; and I, who know of the parsimony with which he is treated, can best appreciate the difficulty of it."

From outside in the corridor came a faint stirring, as of bodies pressed close against the door, listening. Armida's face had grown white. But now she moved swiftly towards the table. Her hands went along her arms, and slipped over her wrists in a metallic flow the heavy bracelets of gold and silver.

"Thou hast done well," she said in a clear high voice, that would carry even beyond the thickness of the door. "The Christian knight shall return with thee. In the meantime, thou shalt have rest and refreshment, while the count of the ransom is being made."

She opened the door. The men cried out a bedlam of questions at her. For answer, she pointed at the swollen leathern pouch upon the table by the far window.

"As you see," she said impatiently, "but now I must count it. Let none disturb us!"

The heavy door swung to.

"It is—but a moment for taking breath," Armida whispered. "We must think and then act quickly!"

The afterglow of sunset was in the sky when Don Carlos, cloaked as for a journey, came out into the courtyard. There stood saddled his own horse, a fleet white animal. There stood the small Spanish groom, with a horse freshly brought from the stables. And beside him, aloof and very self-possessed, Armida. Over the revealing silkenness of her indoor garb she wore a long, sleeveless robe of brocade damask. She seemed not to see the questioning, black looks of the men crowding the walled space, nor to hear the murmur of their voices as they talked among themselves.

Don Carlos was in the saddle before the clamor broke loose. Then she flung up her hand angrily, and the tumult died.

"Be not children and fools," she cried sharply. "Ye all did see the money brought. It shall be divided—when I come back! I cannot trust the lives of these two Christians further to your treachery. I myself will give them safe conduct to the foot of the mountain, past the sentinel there. Saddle my stallion! And one of you give me a burnous. The evening air will be chill as I return."

Someone went to do her bidding. And presently she was in the saddle.

"Up with the portcullis!" she commanded. "Let the drawbridge be lowered!"

For the space of a heartbeat it seemed that they would not obey her. Then slowly, sullenly, it was done. The three rode out and stood with the frowning walls of the castle behind them. Silently and with no undue haste they rode down the trail until a jutting cliff hid them from the view of the watchers on the walls. Then she leaned forward.

"Hasten! Give the horses their heads!"

She turned her black stallion abruptly into a defile flanked on either side by towering cliffs.

"From this secret gorge did I lead my father's men down to do battle with thee, only a month ago—and it is as if in some other life I rode out, hatred in my heart, my soul filled with a wild desire to make thee suffer, as thou hadst made us suffer. . . ."

His voice, grim but with an undercurrent of humor, came to her: "I think thou didst succeed, my Armida—"

She gasped a little.

"Ah, speak not of it! All that hatred and revenge is past. . . ."

AS IF in challenge to her words, there came to their ears a far, shrill cry, rising and falling—the blood-curdling Moorish cry of vengeance. The ruse had been discovered! The wolf pack was upon their trail!

Now, in the darkening of the dusk, the steep slope of the mountainside came alive with lights, dripping swiftly down the winding pathway like a falling necklace of rubies.

"Hasten!" she cried out. "They will divide, not knowing which way we have taken! Is thy gun ready to fire, Juan Segoya?"

The little man's voice was quivering slightly. But he forced a boldness into his tone.

"It will be, lady!" he made answer.

Suddenly, from a point of rock above them, a white, looming figure reared up. The lance in his hand made a black line across the waning crimson of the sky. . . . He flung it! So close it passed to Armida that it ripped the folds of the burnous with a whining noise. It stabbed through the arched neck of the beautiful stallion, and he fell with a crash and a flaying of powerful hoofs.

In an instant Don Carlos was out of the saddle. He reached Armida's side as she struggled loose from the pinioning stirrup, a moment before the writhing beast disappeared over the edge of the chasm. She cried out, a fierce, sobbing sound, at the death of the gallant animal she loved, as Don Carlos hastily

(Continued on page 44)

Are you lighting your home with LEAKY FAUCETS?

DRIP! DRIP! DRIP!

If you could see the electricity wasted by an inferior incandescent lamp as easily as you see water wasted by a leaky faucet, you would replace the lamp at once.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE are paying for light they do not get because the lamps in their sockets are obsolete . . . worn out . . . or of inferior, unknown make.

Electricity is a dutiful and inexpensive servant, and when you use good lamps, you can be sure you are employing it economically for lighting. If you want to be sure of getting good light at low cost, specify General Electric MAZDA lamps. You can identify them by this well known mark GE which appears on the end of every bulb. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

For good light at low cost

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

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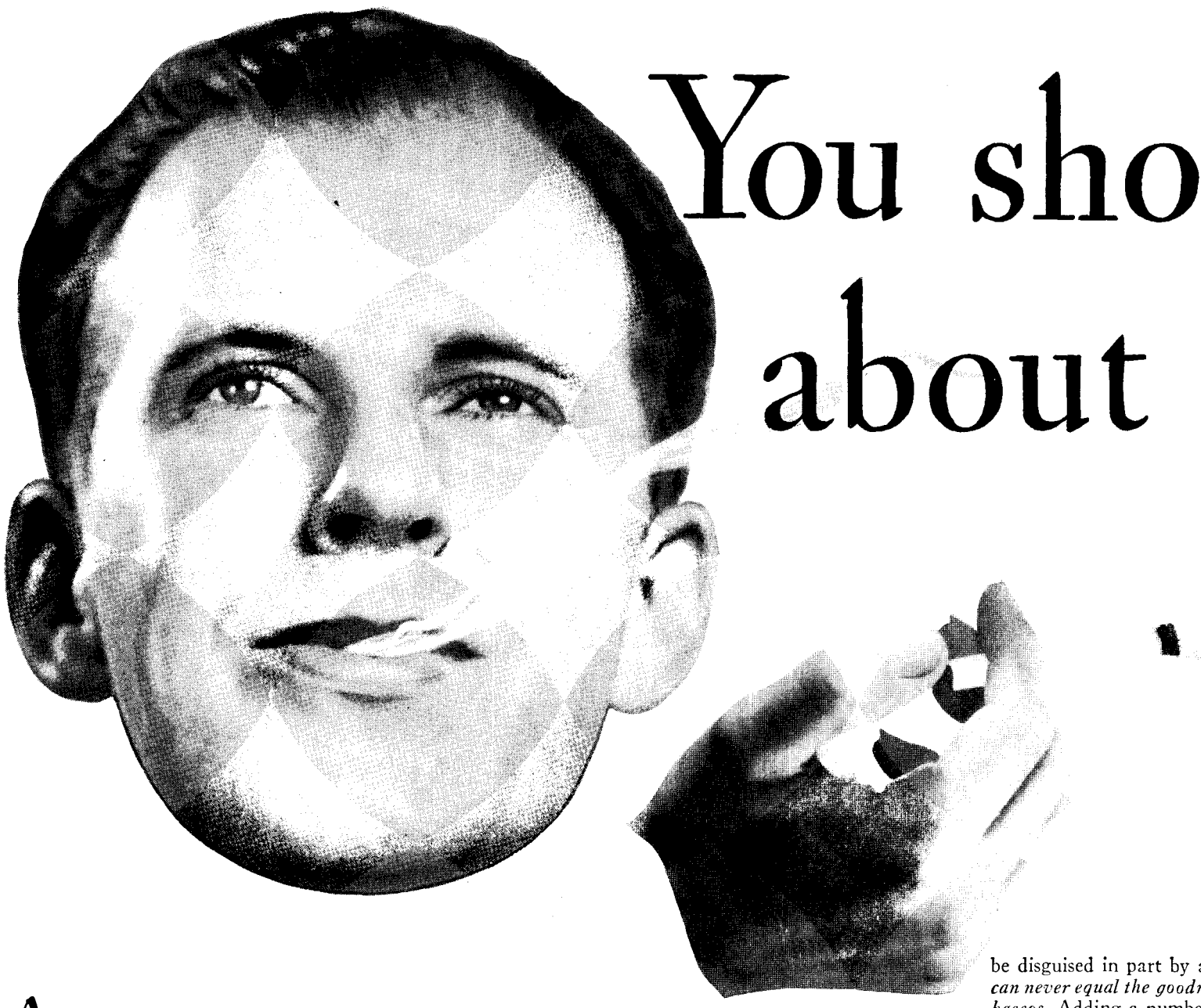

You should about the

A great deal of confusion has been caused by certain representations made in cigarette advertising. A clamor of competitive claims has bewildered the public. We have received hundreds of letters asking us the truth about the conflicting claims of various brands. Because Camel first popularized cigarette smoking, because Camel has sold more billions of cigarettes than any other brand, we were the natural people to write to. And we are the natural people to tell the facts about cigarettes. We have always offered an honest cigarette, honestly advertised.

1. *Question:* What is the mildest cigarette?

Answer: The fact that a cigarette is insipid and tasteless does not mean that it is mild. The fact that it has been artificially flavored or scented does not mean it is mild. Mildness means that a cigarette is so made that it is gentle and non-irritating *without sacrifice of flavor*. This is almost entirely a question of the quality of the tobaccos and the skill in their blending. Practically all of today's popular cigarettes are manufactured and rolled in much the same way. The difference comes in the tobaccos that are used. While the irritating effects of cheap, raw tobaccos can be removed to some extent by intensive treatment, nothing can take the place of the more expensive, naturally *fine* tobaccos. The *mildest* cigarette is the cigarette that is made of the *best* tobaccos. ***It's the tobacco that counts.***

2. *Question:* What cigarette has the best flavor?

Answer: There are just three factors that control the flavor of a cigarette. The addition of artificial flavoring. The blending of various tobaccos. And the *quality* of the tobaccos themselves. Quality is by far the most important. Cheap, raw tobacco can be disguised in part by artificial flavoring. ***But it can never equal the goodness of mild, ripe, costly tobaccos.*** Adding a number of poor things together will not make a good thing. And when you consider that domestic cigarette tobaccos vary in price all the way from 5¢ a pound up to 40¢ a pound, and imported tobaccos from 50¢ to $1.15, the difference in cigarette flavors is readily apparent. Tobacco men long ago learned to choose, for flavor, the cigarette blended from the costlier tobaccos. ***It's the tobacco that counts.***

3. *Question:* What cigarette is easiest on the throat?

Answer: The easiest cigarette on your throat is the cigarette that is made from the more costly tobaccos...the choicest ripe tobaccos. *Cheap* grades of tobacco are, as you would naturally expect, *harsh* in their effects upon the throat. And there is a peppery dust occurring to some extent in all tobaccos. Finding its way into many cigarettes, this dust has a decidedly *irritating* effect. A special vacuum cleaning process has been developed that removes all trace of dust. The absolute rejection of inferior tobaccos and elimination of this dust represent the highest standards ever attained in cigarette manufacture. The cigarette that is blended from the most expensive tobaccos under these modern conditions is as non-irritating as any smoke can possibly be. ***It's the tobacco that counts.***

CAMELS

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know the Truth about cigarettes you smoke

4. *Question:* What about heat treating?

Answer: This is one of the real superstitions of the tobacco business. All cigarette manufacturers use the heat-treating process. But harsh, raw, inferior tobaccos require considerably more intensive treatment than choice ripe tobaccos. High temperatures conceal, to some extent, the harsh effects of low-cost tobacco, although this parching process may produce a rather flat and lifeless flavor. But neither the heat treatment nor any other treatment can take the place of good tobacco. Heat can never make cheap, inferior tobaccos good. ***It's the tobacco that counts.***

5. *Question:* What cigarette is coolest?

Answer: Many myths have been woven around "coolness." The facts are simple: Coolness is determined by the speed of burning. *Fresh* cigarettes, containing as they do 12% moisture, burn more slowly than parched, dry cigarettes. That is why they smoke cooler. This makes the method of wrapping very important. Improperly wrapped cigarettes begin to dry out as soon as packed. They smoke hot and dry. The Humidor Pack, although more expensive, gives protection ordinary cellophane cannot equal. It is made of 3-ply, MOISTURE-PROOF cellophane, tailored snugly to the package, and WELDED into a seamless envelope. Air cannot get in. Freshness cannot get out. The cigarettes are always in prime condition. An illusion of coolness can be achieved by adding certain chemicals to tobacco. But even chemicals cannot do more than mask the heat of quick-burning, dry tobaccos. The coolest cigarette is the *freshest* cigarette—the least irritating, the one that has the costliest tobacco. A cigarette blended from expensive tobaccos tastes cooler than one that is harsh and acrid. ***It's the tobacco that counts.***

6. *Question:* What is the purest cigarette?

Answer: All popular cigarettes are made under sanitary conditions unsurpassed even in the packing of foods. All cigarettes are made with practically identical modern machinery. Uniformly fine cigarette paper is used. If any single manufacturer should claim superior purity it could only be interpreted as a confession of weakness *unless he pinned his claim exclusively on the tobacco he used.* Purity in a cigarette lies in the tobacco used. Choice grades of tobacco, from which even the fine dust of the tobacco itself has been removed, are less irritating, therefore "purer" than inferior tobaccos. ***It's the tobacco that counts.***

7. *Question:* What about blending?

Answer: Even if other manufacturers should in the future use the finer, more expensive tobaccos which go into Camels, they would still be unable to duplicate Camel's *matchless blending.* Tobaccos are blended to give a cigarette its own distinctive *individuality.* The characteristic delicacy and flavor of the Camel blend have won not only the esteem of the American public, but the sincere admiration of other cigarette manufacturers, who have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars and years of effort trying to discover how the costly tobaccos in Camels are blended. But in vain. Camel's *matchless blend* is a priceless asset. Yet its fine full flavor is made possible because Camel uses *more expensive* tobacco. ***It's the tobacco that counts.***

It is a Fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. We actually pay MILLIONS MORE every year to insure your enjoyment.

(Signed) **R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY**
Winston-Salem, N. C.

— NO TRICKS ..JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

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WITH no sacrifice in quality Raleighs now come to you at a new low price. You'll see that they still have the same extra-quality flavor they have always had. And there's no extra cost if you prefer cork tips. Save the coupons now in every package. With 50 coupons you get, free, a beautiful deck of initialed U. S. Playing Cards. (A handsome bridge set of two decks for 85 coupons.) *This offer good only in U. S. A.*

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP., LOUISVILLE, KY.

The Lion's Daughter

Continued from page 41

lifted her amid a shower of arrows from the bowmen above.

Juan Segoya's gun spoke. The triumphant white figure high above, leaning out from the rock, leaped into the air, then crumpled.

"Serab—" Armida's voice was low and broken, "my beautiful one, thou art avenged!"

Now the thunder of hoofs came nearer. Nearer came the redness of torches dripping fire. The white horse, uncertain of the steep, almost invisible trail, burdened now with two riders, made slow headway.

From behind them came the wild, inhuman cries of the Moorish horsemen. A white, shadowy figure charged down upon them with a savage shout of triumph. Don Carlos whipped his sword from its scabbard. Curved scimitar and slender steel blade met in a deadly kiss of hate. Then the turbaned figure reeled in the saddle—fell backward.

"On!" cried Armida. "We are near the mouth of the pass!"

The trail suddenly widened. The harassed steeds leaped into new action. But hard upon their heels came a cloud of white mounted warriors. Lances flashed past—death's song was in the air. But the three were unscathed.

A wild, fierce figure flung itself out of the saddle upon Don Carlos. He caught the man in his arms, and hurled him, like a sack of grain, back at the oncoming attackers. In the moment of mad confusion and milling hoofs, he turned the horse's head again and raced for the open space that marked the mouth of the pass.

Juan Segoya's horse was in the lead. And suddenly Don Carlos heard the man crying out:

"Señor! Señor Marques! We are saved!"

They were out in the plain. And there, near the foot of the mountain, spread the watch fires of a Spanish encampment!

A bugle blew, and instantly the three were surrounded. The Moors, emerging, hesitated, wavered, and took to flight. Don Carlos vaulted out of the saddle and lifted Armida down in his arms. The soldiers stared at her with wide, uncomprehending eyes. Then they fell back to make way for a tall man, florid of face—the Capitan, Don Jorge de Reval.

Don Carlos gave an exclamation of intense gratitude.

"Thanks be to God, Capitan, you were here!"

The other blinked at him sourly.

"You may not thank God—or me, when you learn the nature of my business. We arrived tonight, and but awaited daylight to treat with the Moors, under flag of truce—*for the delivery of your person,* and that of the insolent swine, Juan Segoya, who dared leave Madrid on a secret errand against the orders of His Majesty the King. Señor Marques—your sword! In the name of the King of Spain, you are my prisoner!"

DON CARLOS stood cold and rigid. It was no more than he could have expected. And yet the sudden swing of fate's pendulum gave him a feeling of dizzy nausea.

It was Armida who came boldly forward, putting back the concealing white burnous from her face.

"Prisoner? Why?" she demanded in a clear, ringing voice. "Because he fulfilled the commands of the King? Ibn Asad, Son of the Lion, is dead. But here am I, his daughter, captive of Don Carlos de Uloa. He takes with him to Madrid *my living body,* as the King ordered, and there will I be amenable to the royal mandate. Let the people of Spain judge if the Señor Marques has failed in his duty!"

A deep, astounded silence fell. It was broken by a sound that was like a sob.

"*Armida!*"

Don Jorge de Reval stared at her for a moment in consternation. Then he smiled—not pleasantly.

"Be it so," he said sneeringly. Did she not know that the "people of Spain" had no word in the judgments of the King?

IN a great, deserted antechamber of the palace a funereal hush hung over the somberly magnificent interior. It was midnight of the tenth day. And the little group of weary people stood there, awaiting the word of royalty. So eager had been the Capitan to discharge his duty, that he had spoken insolently to the Chamberlain:

"Holy Saints, man, I tell thee it is the specific command of His Majesty that this Don Carlos be brought before him at whatever moment of the day or night I did bring him."

"Very well, I will see. . . ."

They waited.

The Capitan could not quite conceal the elation that was in him. Soon he would witness the humiliation and degradation of the man he hated.

Don Carlos stood as if tied to the stake. His face was a white mask of agony. The little Juan Segoya was trembling. He well knew that for him there would be no mercy.

But Armida stood beside Don Carlos, her hand touching his, her eyes, wide, love-filled, fixed upon his face. "Carlos mio," she said very softly, "I am praying to the One God. He will hear me, beloved. He will hear my prayer for thee. . . ."

Silently, a massive door opened. The Grand Chamberlain spoke solemnly:

"*His Majesty, the King!*"

The little group knelt. And then—Don Carlos found himself staring dizzily at the slight, black-clad figure in the doorway. *It was the Prince!*

Heedless of them all, the child raced through the velvet-garbed lines of courtiers, straight to Don Carlos, and flung his arms about him.

"Oh, my Carlos, thou art here, safe once more! I tried to save thee, *amigo mio;* I feared that I had failed!"

The room with its royal magnificence seemed to swim in eddying circles about the boyish figure. But through the mist that half blinded him, Don Carlos saw the Capitan's face. It had blanched to a pasty white.

"I—I do not understand, Your Highness," the man stammered out.

The Prince turned upon him in a fury.

"Nay, that was in accordance with my orders, Señor Capitan! No one was to tell thee that my father, the King, passed from this life full five days ago. I know thee, Don Jorge Reval—I know that thou wert longing to see my friend's disgrace, and poor Juan Segoya's, too! Thou shalt see disgrace, I promise thee—but not theirs! Take this man away!"

There was the clanging of mailed feet in the still room—he who had been Capitan went slowly forth between guards in armor.

"Your Majesty"—Don Carlos' voice was but a whisper—"I cannot as yet think clearly. Only this . . . tell me that this maiden, to whom I jointly owe my life with thee, shall be received in all honor and given the reward which her faithfulness and courage merit."

FOR a moment the boy's face clouded with jealousy. He looked, in that instant, like the King who was dead. Then he sighed, and a wistful smile crossed his lips.

"Very well, Carlos, but thou must make a Christian of her. And—she must not object to thy tutoring me in the skill of arms. And"—he added as a brilliant thought crossed his mind—"I would like to have her teach my servants the art of making Moorish sweetmeats."

Armida laughed, a soft, unafraid little laugh that unconsciously drew the lonely child to her.

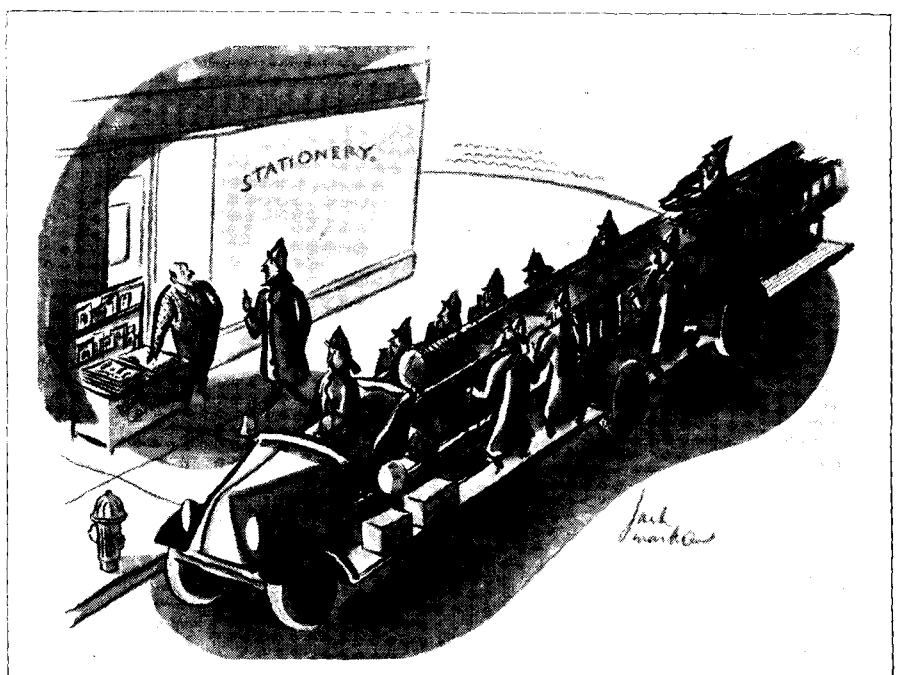
"I will do that very gladly, Your Majesty!"

He nodded, beaming.

"Then I will follow my father's desires in this matter. She shall be given in marriage to a Christian knight. Wilt thou have her, Carlos?"

The tall, kneeling figure seemed suddenly to have a radiance about it. He took the slender hand of the child and pressed it to his lips.

"Always, Your Majesty, have I obeyed the King's command!"



"I'd like to buy a good map of the city!" *Jack Markow*

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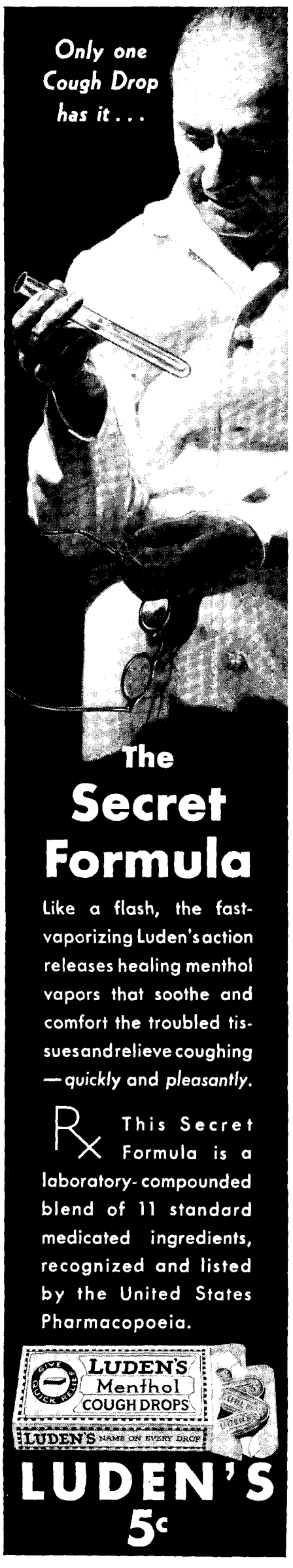

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℞ This Secret Formula is a laboratory-compounded blend of 11 standard medicated ingredients, recognized and listed by the United States Pharmacopoeia.

LUDEN'S 5c

Amateur Bride

Continued from page 13

thing as being born again," said Morton, frowning in his effort to find expression for his thoughts, "but there are a lot who believe there is. I didn't believe it an hour ago; now I do. I took one licking from you and you've seen me take several from John. But it's the lickings you take from yourself that really count. I'm raw from one of them this minute. I'd like to talk to you as I never could have talked before. Do you mind? Are you too tired?"

"No," said Margaret, "I'm not too tired and I don't mind."

"You've got to be frank with me," said Morton earnestly, "or it won't work. If you don't feel as raw as I do we would be talking two different languages."

"I feel raw enough," she answered.

"Are you sorry you married John Wright?"

"Yes."

"You wouldn't do it over again?"

"No."

"But there was some attraction? You confessed it to him."

HER body did not wince but her eyes seemed to enlarge abruptly, measuring the bounds of his sincerity. Satisfied, she turned them from his face to the fireplace, where only a crumbling backlog spread its golden glow.

"You want me to answer that?" she asked quietly.

"I wouldn't have asked if I hadn't been ready to hear your answer."

"Any time during the first few weeks after I married him I could have loved him, heart, soul and body."

"But you never quite did?"

"No, not quite," said Margaret, frowning in her turn. "Never."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure. Something stopped me."

"Something in him," murmured Morton, seeking his own justification. "Something he did."

"No; you're wrong. It was in me, only in me. Though I can't name it, I'm sure of it. Perhaps talking to you like this has helped me to be sure. I've never talked to anybody, not even to John, the way I'm talking to you. This person, the person I am at this moment, has never spoken before. Perhaps if she had come to life a little sooner everything would have been different."

"Why? Why do you say that? Why would it have made such a difference?"

"Because she would have been real," said Margaret in a low voice, so low that she might have been talking to herself. "She would not have been ashamed to be real, Yes, oh, yes! That's it—she wouldn't have been ashamed of the truth in herself. Why was I? Why? I don't know." She raised the back of her hand to her forehead in a despairing gesture and leaned for an instant against the high mantel. But abruptly she tensed herself and turned. "There's nothing more to say. You have undressed me, and I don't mind. But this is another end, Henry. There's nothing more for me to tell, nothing more for us to talk about."

"If that were true," said Morton quickly, "there would be no name low enough to fit me for being here. We've only begun to talk. If you're new—a stranger to yourself—so am I a new man. You and I have never talked to each other before. You've seen a lot of me lately, and it hasn't been my fault. First it was yours and then it was John's—in a way, I have an idea it was his right along. I wasn't heading anywhere; I was drifting. But now it's different. I'm not drifting. I know where I'm going or I wouldn't have any right to be here. Do you still want me to go?"

"No."

"Margaret, don't be angry with me, don't be impatient with my questions. There are things I've simply got to know. If John should ask you to forgive him, could you do it?"

"No," she murmured and paused. "Oh, no."

"I had to ask that. I had to know for myself. These last weeks have been the happiest I've ever known. There's a strange thing! While I believed you loved me, while you believed it yourself, I lived in unrest. But the minute I knew you were through with loving me, I became happy at your side—so happy that I've been willing to put up with indignities from John and with sneers from a lot of men I wouldn't wipe my feet on. Now that I've told you that, perhaps you'll tell me too. Has it been easy for you to be with me?"

"You know it has," said Margaret, "but please try not to misunderstand. For me it has been a release, a deeply satisfying return. Not to you personally, Henry, but to a remembered world. Since we're trying to be honest, that isn't quite honest enough. Just as you say you have been happier with me than ever before, so I have been happier with you."

"Margaret!"

"No, no, please! I asked you not to misunderstand. I couldn't stand it—not just now."

"What are you telling me?" he exclaimed. "What do you think I'm made of? Do you think I am going to let the thing rest there—go now? I'm not. But there's not the slightest reason for you to be afraid. You're stretched to the breaking point. If I should touch you something would snap, but I'm not a fool. Sit down. Please sit down and let yourself go for a little while. I want to talk to you. We've still got to talk."

The set look in her face softened. Her hands fell to her side. She walked to the couch and sank back into the cushions. "Oh," she said, "I'm so tired, I was so tired!"

"That's better," said Morton, seating himself near her but yet apart. "It's what I ought to have made you do long ago, when you first came in."

"Yes," she said vaguely, "I wish you had—long ago!"

HER hand, lying lax at her side, seemed to stir toward him, palm up, with an infinitesimal gesture of appeal. He stared at it with dilating eyes. Striving to make his movement casual, he laid his fingers in hers. They closed slowly on his hand. He sat very still. A current of sympathy seemed to flow down his arm into her body and back again. He felt a tenderness toward her which he had never known before in relation to any living thing. He scarcely dared to speak—and yet dared not hold his tongue.

"What a fool I was!" he murmured. "It was my fault—all my fault. Not only a fool, but a coward. I could have been alive—you and I could have been alive through all those years of emptiness. I could have grown. I could have been a man."

"Oh, please, Henry," she murmured, "please! Not now, not tonight!"

"Yes, now," he murmured. "It's now or never. Let's say good-by to cowardice—you and I. Never mind affection; leave that out since leaving it out has

(Continued on page 46)

Even his best friends told him

"Your cocktails are *Sissies!*"

Bright boy—stout fella! But he thinks the best cocktails are those with the most kinds of fruit juice. Won't someone tell him the Facts of Life? Listen to Tony Weir, once *chef de bar* at the famous Knickerbocker in New York, "Cocktails were invented to *stimulate* the appetite. Sweet drinks deaden it—like eating candy before dinner. It's *vermouth* cocktails people should be drinking." Right, Tony! And besides being best for you, vermouth cocktails are easiest to make—no squeezing or fussing about.

Vermouth, here as abroad, means Martini & Rossi Vermouth. (In Italy, by law, it isn't a martini unless it's made with Martini & Rossi.) Same flavor as in Knickerbocker days, Tony says. Suave, subtle, sophisticated. Two kinds, Regular and Dry. All good hosts use both.

Make Perfect Cocktails! The Automatic Bartender. Fool-Proof Cocktail Mixer. Makes 6 most famous: Martini, Manhattan, Bronx, Dacquiri, etc., *to Tony Weir's own recipes.* Directions printed on side. You *can't* make a mistake if you can see to pour. In stores, would cost $3.50 to $4. Special price by mail, $1.50. Use coupon!

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Here is 10c. Please send me Tony Weir's new Cocktail Wheel of 18 recipes. ☐ Here is $1.50 ($1.75 west of Miss.) for which please send me the Automatic Bartender, complete with swizzle stick. ☐ Write name and address in margin.

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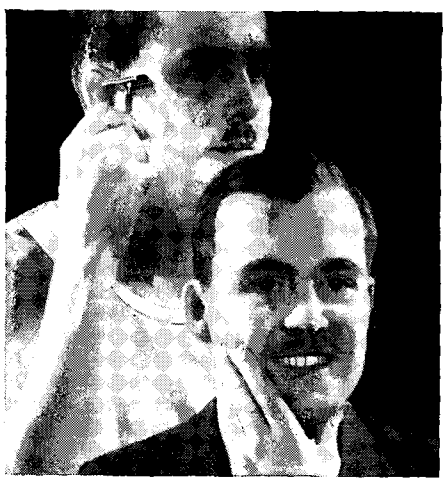

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(Continued from page 45)

to be a part of the game. I love you—I've always loved you even when I knew it least. You don't love me—you did, but you don't. All right, I accept that because I have to—because there isn't time to do anything else. The great thing for you and me is to begin to live. Let's live, right or wrong. I want you, Margaret, in any way you'll take me. Anything I've got—name, pride, body and soul—you can have them on any terms you lay down. I'm yours."

"Oh, oh!" she sobbed. "I asked you—I begged you—not tonight."

"Margaret!"

Without knowing what or how he did it he lifted her toward him, took her in his arms and rocked her as if she were a child. Some last thread of resistance seemed to snap within her. She collapsed against him, her head fell heavily on his shoulder, her fingers stirred blindly and then clung to his coat. The world was gone, melted out of their consciousness. They two were alone, not stirring, scarcely daring to breathe. In the dining-room only the candles were lighted on the set table. Two lamps dimly illumined the distant drawing-room. Where they sat was only the glow of a dissolving mass of coals. Morton's arms tightened. As though at a signal Margaret raised her face. They kissed slowly as those kiss to whom a kiss is a dream long dreamed and long postponed.

Wright stood watching them, his motionless bulk framed in the narrow entrance of the stairway. Robert entered from the pantry. Puzzled by the silence, he advanced. Fresh from the glare of the kitchen the contracted pupils of his eyes saw nothing but darkness. He switched on the lights in the sitting-room and instantly his body tensed to the rigidity of terror. He had seen all there was to see in a flash. But, blotting out every other detail, the silent effigy framed in the entrance to the stairway caused the hair at the back of his neck to crinkle and creep upward. Though flooded with the sudden radiance, neither Morton nor Margaret made any quick movement. Awakened, they yet remained unawakened. The axe of disaster, descending in too fierce a blow, had dulled its own edge. Consternation not yet born in their faces, they drew apart as clingingly as water dividing itself from water.

"Lights out, Robert," said Wright in his natural voice.

Robert left with alacrity just as Henry Morton sprang to his feet.

"There's no reason to listen to him any more or ever again, Margaret," he said. "Come on; we'd better go."

"You're sure, Henry?" asked Margaret, ignoring Wright.

"Sure of what?"

"Sure that you want me—that you want me enough?"

"On your own terms. On any terms in the world. I was never so sure of anything before in my life."

SHE did not move at once except to turn her eyes on Wright. Immediately he absorbed her gaze. He had descended the last step of the stairs but his stature did not seem to diminish. He went to the fireplace. Turning his back on her and Morton, he extended his hands so that they were sharply outlined against the dull red glow. When had she seen him thus in profile before? She remembered. On the roof garden, against the smoky New York sky. That night his hand had trembled more than hers; tonight his fingers, though outheld, were still as stone. She tore her eyes free and got to her feet.

"I'm beaten, John," she said quietly. "You can call me a quitter or anything else you like. It doesn't matter any more. I'm leaving you."

"Go ahead," said Wright without turning.

"All you need is a coat and hat, Margaret," interposed Morton. "The less you take away the better I'll like it."

"Hold him to it," said Wright, still without turning. "Call me as a witness any time. He's offering to pay your carfare as long as you want to ride. So much for him. As for you, my dear, will you permit me to remind you? There's a dignity which all of us, masters and serving maids, own together. You simply can't go around necking the world without destroying something which belongs to me and to it as well as to you."

"I'll go pack a bag, Henry," said Margaret quickly. "It won't take me but a minute or two."

THE moment the sound of her hurrying footsteps had died away down the balcony above, Wright faced about, his blue eyes twinkling, his face radiating amiability. If Morton had had any intention of leaving the room to wait for Margaret, the thought remained forever stillborn. Wright, his hands now thrust in his trousers pocket, teetered back and forth, heel and toe. His balance was perfect, he was at ease. Certainly he was not drunk, nor had he been. Beholding him, Morton was as stunned as if his body instead of his mind had been dealt a blow.

"You've certainly bought yourself something," said Wright conversationally. "As pretty a trick as I've ever seen turned." The words meant nothing to Morton except that they seemed to release a spring, enabling him to move. He started to turn. "One minute, Henry," continued Wright without raising his voice. "You'd better sit down—for your own good, I mean." Henry hesitated. "Sit down!" It was as though Wright had shouted, but as a matter of fact he could not have been heard in the pantry or the drawing-room or upstairs. Morton shrugged his shoulders and acquiesced. "That's fine," said Wright, taking out a cigar, pinching its end and lighting it without ever shifting the hold of his twinkling eyes. "Sure you're comfy?"

"I feel better," muttered Henry, "than I've felt at any time during the last ten years."

"Good," said Wright, "because I've got bad news for you. You've known Margaret a long while, haven't you? It probably makes you feel you know her through and through."

"I've known her since she was a child," replied Morton, "and I know her better than you could know her if you lived with her for a thousand years."

"Oh, dear!" said Wright. "I'm afraid the bad news is going to hit you even harder than I thought. Half the disappointments in life—I mean disappointments in other people—spring out of ourselves, out of our own stupidity in reading character. You say you know Margaret better than I do. Well, perhaps you do. Let me show you my picture of her, just to give you a laugh."

"There's nothing you could say or do," murmured Morton, his angry eyes fixed on Wright's smiling face, "that will ever again give me a laugh."

"Perhaps you're right. Perhaps it won't. But here's the picture just the same. I see her as a woman of great persistence. A persistence, for instance, that could stick to one idea through nine years of humiliation. I see her as a proud woman, incapable of forgiving an affront once she had sized it up for what it was. So proud, in fact, that when it came to paying it back she would give ten for one. That's what she's just done to you."

"What?" asked Morton, his interest genuinely seized for the first time. "What are you talking about?"

"These are hard times, Henry, though you, personally, may scarcely know it. You're reputed to be lousy with government bonds, deposits in two or three countries abroad, and ten thousand dollars in gold in your safe-deposit box. If that's so, I'm glad. I'll tell you why. Because Margaret and I happen to be on the other side of the fence, with the crowd. You're so self-centered you may not have noticed it, but I've been going crazy for the last few weeks. Yesterday and today I was wiped clean, and Margaret knew it, but tonight's work will put us on our feet again."

"YOU'RE gibbering," said Morton. "Nothing you say makes any sense. What have you done tonight that will get you out of trouble?"

"You still don't see the picture," said Wright patiently. "For nine years you were worried for fear Margaret had her teeth fixed to bite into the apple of the Morton millions. Well, you're hooked—bitten where it's sure to hurt you most. Either your lawyers pass over a quarter of a million to mine tomorrow by three o'clock, or you'll find the name of Henry Morton scare-headed across the front pages of all the papers of your native town."

(To be continued next week)

"Is this the Club Madrid? Gus sent us" *Roland Coe*

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The Last Draw

Continued from page 19

"So long," said Johnny, dark eyes invaded by wistfulness. Jane Sherrill suddenly knelt before him and threw an agitated phrase over her shoulder: "You're wrong, Cuff. Come back when you find it out." But Cuff Goodnight laced the team to a fast trot and looked into the blind darkness ahead, thinking that it was only a fool who drew to an inside straight with any hope of winning.

This was farewell. He wasn't coming back, and tonight in Spanish Flat he played his last session at the Drover's Rest. Where next, he didn't know.

In a gray mood of surrender, he swung the rig to a lesser road up the bench and halted before the outline of a house tenantless and forlorn. It was hard to think back and recollect that one time a family had lived here, that there had been some laughter and some affection. Brief as it was, there had been some. In this corner room Johnny was born; beside those windows he recalled having spent half a day fitting out posts for a clothesline; and to the right was a trail that ran higher through the night—to the homestead shanty Tom Studdring then had bached in.

VITAL emotions were disciplined out of him now to the extent that he seemed to be reviewing the life of another man. This other man, engaged to Jane Sherrill, met Rose at a dance, kissed her in the moonlight, rode thirty miles away with her to be married. This other man brought her here and found Tom Studdring sitting on the steps. Even now Cuff Goodnight's blood stirred when he thought of the savagery of the following fist fight. When it was done, Rose got to her knees and cried over Studdring lying on the earth. It was the first intimation of mistake. She had been Studdring's girl.

"We should have corrected the mistake there," said Goodnight with an odd gentleness. But they tried to make the bargain good—the moonlight gone and two young people out of love who never had been in love, who had only been young and touched by madness. When Johnny came there was no escape left; and suddenly they were tolerating each other, a profound abyss between. This until one night he came home and found her gone. Following through the shadows he discovered her horse empty-saddled on the trail. Rose was a little beyond, dead of a broken neck—within a quarter mile of Tom Studdring's cabin.

Goodnight returned along the trail slowly and joined the Spanish Flat road. It was the first time in many months he had permitted himself to think deliberately of that swift catastrophe. Yet with six years' intervening, the sullen hurt of it was still fresh and hot. On that night the last of the wild Cuff Goodnight died; his ranching days were ended. He took his boy to town, fed and raised him by the profits of poker—a game he might hide behind, using its silence and its solitary attention to cover and to dampen what was in the past. He never had spoken to Studdring since.

The lights of Spanish Flat made a ranging glow as he topped the last rise; entering town, he stabled the rig and walked toward the Drover's Rest.

In the middle of the street he stopped, his glance striking the square and robust body of a man who, half turned on the sidewalk, looked through a window into the Drover's with an absorbed interest. There stood Tom Studdring, the heavy-carved face illumined slantwise by the outcoming light. Seeing him, a long blaze of anger licked through Cuff Goodnight's veins, actually startling him with a power such as he believed no longer to exist; and before he knew what reason prompted him to break the deadlock of the years, he called out:

"Studdring."

Studdring, wheeling around in his tracks, recognized Goodnight; and a layered blackness swooped across the big-boned features.

"You have succeeded in separating me from my son," said Goodnight bitterly.

"At Jane Sherrill's?" asked Studdring from the guttural depths of his throat. Seeing Goodnight's head drop, he added a grimly approving, "Should have happened before this."

"I have minded my own business, Studdring. Which is more than I can say of you."

"That boy," began Studdring, "that boy—there's half of him—"

"His mother's, and you're not forgettin' it."

Studdring closed his broad fists, the pale flame of actual rage in his gray-green glance. Goodnight said: "It's been a habit of yours to speak ill of me on every count. I have never answered back. You know why, don't you?"

Studdring had no reply. Goodnight went on, flattening the words, squeezing them dry of emotion: "I couldn't answer. The only answer was to get a gun and meet you. You know what the country would have said then? The country would have said I was squarin' an injury—that it was because Rose had gone to your cabin—and was returning from it when the horse pitched and killed her. That's why I couldn't fight. It would have strengthened a lie. Hear that, Studdring? A lie."

"I swore I'd ruin you," said Studdring, pulling the syllables out of him by force. "That I'd destroy whatever peace you had, that I'd never rest, my friend, till I saw you broken. And I've about done it. You've lost your boy—you never had any right to him. You never had any right to Rose, and if you live a thousand years in torment you'll remember you've got just what's comin' to you for stealin' a girl that never knew a happy day with you, and who would have been happy with me."

A PROFOUND, melancholy quiet invaded Goodnight. "In the morning," he said, slowly, "I'm gone. So you win. But there's a chore to be done. You and I have got to walk inside and drink with a show of agreement—to spike that lie."

"Like hell I will!"

"You're not hurtin' me. It's the boy."

Studdring leaned forward with a glint of interest in his eyes. "You're supposed to be a square gambler. I'll play poker with you. I'm worth eight thousand dollars. Wipe me out and I'll drink your damned drink. If I win, you've got to agree to keep goin' till I've busted you flat. There's no peace between us—never will be."

"A bet," said Goodnight, and turned into the Drover's Rest.

The oddness of those two walking in single file across the saloon hall brought a half silence to the place and a halted traffic. Oblivious of it, Cuff Goodnight reached his table. "My regrets," he told the players, "but I'll have to ask you to close out. Tom and me have a bet to settle." Taking the banker's chair vacated by a suddenly impassive

(Continued on page 48*)*

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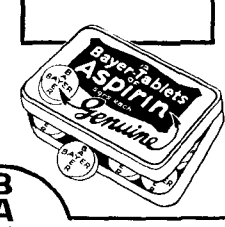

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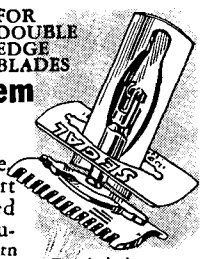

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(Continued from page 47)

Bourke Reilly, he cashed the chips offered him.

The group got up. Studdring sat down, swept the used cards off the table and broke the seal of a fresh deck with a quick impatience. Ironically irritated, he stared at the thickening circle of men.

"Goodnight, I don't want this dragged out. You and me have delayed too long. Blue chips are a thousand dollars apiece. Give me an eight-thousand stack."

Goodnight had to lift his voice through the plain murmur of surprise instantly rising about the table. "Straight draw—anything opens. Deal." He watched Studdring shuffle, he cut, and he let the cards lie untouched until all five were before him. He looked then and said, "No," without show of interest.

Studdring's hard green glance flicked him. "Are you a gambler or just a poker player? I've got nothing either, but it's open for a blue."

Unmoved, Goodnight matched the chip and discarded all but a pair, silently indicating three. Studdring dealt them, dealt himself four and looked at the result. Afterward his lifted eyes drilled into Goodnight with a half-sullen insistence. "Another blue."

Goodnight silently laid a chip in front of him and, one by one, dropped three more on top of it. The edged evenness of his talk sheared through the absolute hush:

"There are rules to poker pretty much like the rules of living. A fool loses at both. You're reckless eight years too late. Raise."

"Call!"

"Two aces," announced Goodnight, and showed them.

Studdring leaned forward, stared at the aces. Then, with an impetuous and angered gesture, he tossed his own hand away. A thick draught of astonishment went across the packed circle as Goodnight reached out and casually took the little pile of tokens that represented ten thousand dollars. Bourke Reilly, standing against the table, murmured thoughtfully, "Pause and consider it," and cast a furrowed look of regard at Goodnight, who was dealing anew with an exaggerated slowness so that nobody might mistake the honesty of his fingers. Studdring, seizing each card as it fell, shook his head and watched the other man with a subtle change of features. "Nothing in sight. Another deal would help."

GOODNIGHT'S weighing soberness increased as he threw away four cards and placed the fifth—a ten-spot—face up on the table. "The trouble with you is, you've never changed. My trouble is, I have. You see what I'll draw to. Gamble enough for you?"

Studdring said, "Play," and brushed his last three chips into the table's center. "Four on the draw," he ordered and curbed his impatience long enough to let them collect. And for a straining spell afterward he remained still, looking down, the oddness of confused emotions showing through his eyes. When at last he took up the hand, he glanced once, swiftly, at what he had and reared back to throw his attention on Goodnight. Suspense made queer pits in the ruddy cheek hollows. Goodnight dealt to himself in a lagging deliberation, each card falling face up on the ten—a seven, a nine, a deuce. "So far," he murmured, bound by the same iron calm, "I think you've got the best of it. But I'm not so full of hurry as I used to be, Tom. A man sometimes loses when he wins. It's happened to me."

"Deal!" rasped Studdring. Goodnight flipped over the last card, a king. Without a pair, king high was his hand.

Studdring's jaw muscles threw white streaks against his skin and he put a palm on the table with a reluctant, stunned signal of defeat. Goodnight's voice hit Studdring almost brutally:

"You're through—all through?"

"I'll draw from the bank in the morning and give you the money," intoned Studdring.

An uncomprehending phrase rose out of the surrounding crowd: "Eight thousand in two plays—aw, hell, it's a frame-up!"

Goodnight's question fell again: "You're all through?"

Studdring stared at his fists. "That's enough," he said.

"Gentlemen," spoke up Goodnight, "step back from the table, if you please."

STUDDRING raised his head, narrowly interested in Goodnight's collection and shuffling of the cards. "When you've been hurt as hard as I have," said Goodnight in a colorless tone, "you'll know there never was a revenge worth the price. You're not through. One thing you've got I want—and it's worth the whole eight-thousand stack. A bet?"

Studdring frowned at the other. "I don't get this."

"You should. You've held the club over my head long enough."

Studdring's countenance stirred from the fresh thrust of inner fury; he looked at Goodnight with the flame of it in his eyes, and nothing could have been plainer than the forming refusal. But Goodnight's cool and taunting "Your nerves are bad" shook the negative out of his throat. Instantly the bigger man reached for the deck and made one shuffle, bruising the card edges by his sudden clumsiness. The game and its implications had roused the last lees of his upsetting rage and he forgot to offer the deck for Goodnight to cut. The latter made no protest. Gathering his hand, he slowly examined it. Studdring half shouted the triumph thus far denied him: "Open."

Goodnight sat still, pitched into a profound study; so long pondering, so withdrawn and aloof that Studdring hit him with a rough challenge: "Come in or quit. I have declared it open." Yet the moments dragged further out before Goodnight pulled himself out of the deep abstraction.

"Studdring, eight years is a long time to carry a thing in your head. Do you realize both of us are growing old—eating ourselves up for a mistake that can't be mended? Fools deserve the punishment they get, most of which is of their own making. Still, there is an end to all things. There should be an end to this."

He talked at a blank wall, an unforgiving, unyielding stone barrier. So he shrugged his shoulders with an increase of reserve. "One," he announced, and received it. Slowly thumbing the hand, he passed back again to that remote calculation; and it was only faintly that he heard Studdring saying—relief and goading satisfaction in the words: "Three sevens. I've busted you, Goodnight. It took me a long while to do it, but I have. You've got nothing left. You're back where you started from!"

"Nobody ever goes back to where he started from, Tom. If you could put me back there, you'd be doing me the greatest of all favors. The best we can hope for is forgetting." Quietly folding the cards together, he laid them, playing surface down, on the table. "You win."

Studdring reached for the chips, victory stenciling every angle of his face. Yet his attention never had left Goodnight and suddenly, some flash of disconcerted foreknowledge commanding this move, the extended fingers passed on to seize up the abandoned cards.

"Put those down!" said Goodnight sharply. "It is not your privilege to look. I threw away."

"You fool—what for?" asked Studdring, looking up from what he saw. And he said it again, the downsweep of uncertainty in the phrase: "What for?"

"The hand is dead—the pot yours. I want no answer to my question."

But Studdring, bent half over the table, showed a physical change; his countenance relaxed and altered as if an inner wall had cracked to drain out the pool of intractable animosity anciently in him. And he said with a rushing of accent: "Cuff, I never figured you to be a white man before. But you *are!* Here's your answer. She did come to my cabin. She came that night. But you ought to know why. She came to tell me I had to leave the country. She said she had made a bad mistake in the marriage and so had you. But that she was going through with it, somehow. That's all. That was all."

Cuff Goodnight pushed himself up from the table, the gambler's gravity breaking. "We'll drink on it, Tom?" he muttered.

"Good Lord, yes!"

It was Studdring who filled the glasses at the bar, all the house watching—not understanding, but watching; and it was Goodnight who answered the other's unspoken toast. He said: "I have spent the good years learning poker and ought to know the rules. I find tonight there's another rule—that to every rule an exception can occur." Turning the glass between his fingers, he drawled on, melody coming to a voice that nearly had lost its power of inflection: "Poker is like life, only it's the lesser game. I have played my last round at the tables. To a fine lady, Tom. God's peace for her."

"Amen," said Studdring and drank and watched Goodnight's slim body swing out of the saloon.

For Goodnight was gone from the Drover's Rest and gone from Spanish Flat. At the stable he borrowed a horse, and he passed rapidly into the folding night bound back on an earlier trail. High on a ridge he saw Jane Sherrill's house still brightly agleam; and when he reached that meadow where the water made its ceaseless singing, he saw the door open and the girl step through. Her call, serene and full of robust hope, drifted forward to meet him:

"Who is it?"

Goodnight walked up the steps, into the light, catching the break of her features and the bright fire at once touching her eyes. "Son," she said hurriedly, "is in bed, and Jupiter's sleeping beneath it."

"If I am wrong, send me away," said Goodnight. "I have hurt a great many people and wish to hurt no more."

"What have I waited eight years for, Cuff?" asked Jane Sherrill.

BOURKE REILLY walked to the table and lifted Cuff Goodnight's discarded hand; and he was studying it with a queer grin when a houseman came up.

"This top card is the one he drew," said Reilly. "I saw him place it and not slip it between the others—which was contrary to his usual habit. He drew to an inside straight, the confounded fool. And he filled. Filled with a queen."

"And deliberately loses on it?" said the houseman, incredulous.

"No-o," drawled Bourke Reilly, "I think he won." Collecting the deck, he idly riffled the cards, staring shrewdly and a little sadly into the pall of tobacco smoke. "I think he won. Poker's a strange game."

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Sharking for Profit

Continued from page 23

A thousand skins per day would run a considerable factory on Grand Isle and give regular employment to its population that loafs around in idleness for a large part of the year. But, as Mr. Luthi says, these fishermen do not yet comprehend that actual cash will be paid for sharks.

Sharking for profit is a long-established business in many lands, especially throughout Malaysia, where at Singapore the trade in fins as a table delicacy runs into quite respectable figures per year. Numbers of Filipinos are engaged in supplying fins to China, from the highly prized drab fin of the mano mano, with scattered white spots, down to the small white fin called "pindong," rough and cheap, fit only for the palates of the poor.

Mexican natives along the west coast take a few sharks on hand lines, or by spearing them with harpoons. Some are caught in southeastern Alaska. Iceland, Norway, Russia, British India and Japan send out some well-equipped fleets.

Used the World Over

From its station at Big Pine, Florida, our American Bureau of Fisheries gives detailed information on the best type of boats, nets and tackle, while other bulletins tell exactly how the raw skins, oil and various products must be handled. As yet, however, only a few pioneers like Mr. Luthi are groping along to develop the American industry.

Up to a few years ago the preparation of skins presented an insurmountable difficulty—"shagreen." Shagreen is a hard, horny coating which covers the shark's entire body and could not be removed by any known process. It is so rough, so tough that in Japan a bit of dry shark's skin takes the place of sandpaper. This shagreen can now be taken off and a shark skin tanned more softly than the finest calf. It becomes marvelously flexible, of great tensile strength.

About thirty per cent of shark flesh is edible, and for human consumption much superior to the average sea food. The hard, firm meat, of sweetish taste, resembles halibut. Prejudices, like mules, are stubborn things, and there's a wise old English adage to the effect that "He must have been a brave man who first did eat an oyster." Once, on the menu of a Brooklyn café, appeared this dainty: "Broiled porpoise steak." Patrons read, asked questions, turned up their noses and would have none of it. Yet that same delicacy became extremely popular when it masqueraded under the title of "sea venison."

Small quantities of shark meat are now being sold in some of our metropolitan markets, chiefly to Italian consumers. Japs pound it in a mortar and make a paste. The bulk of it, however, is dried in flitches, and shipped to oriental countries.

The specific uses of shark oil have not yet been settled, though chemists are experimenting to determine the field of its greatest value, whether for medicines, rust-proof paints, soaps, or what not. A somewhat similar oil from the porpoise makes a non-drying lubricant worth $30 to $80 a gallon, for use on fine chronometers.

If the supply is made dependable, and in quantities sufficient to justify modern equipment, every portion of a shark can be sold.

When Clarence, the Houma Indian, cuts him up beneath Mr. Luthi's shed, a killer which at morning skylarked so joyously in our Gulf of Mexico will by night find himself on the road to becoming a widely separated shark. His hide goes to New York for tanning and manufacture, so that the waist of some chic Parisienne may be girdled by a fashionable belt to match the novelty of her cigarette case. Oil from his liver may travel to any quarter of the earth; and many a German field be made richer by the application of fish offal fertilizer.

A pig-tailed Chinese mandarin at Hong Kong may soon be sipping his cup of soup brewed from the fins which Clarence cut off that brute at Barataria Bay. Soup from the fins of a mano mano shark is reckoned cheap at five dollars per cup, because flirtatious old mandarins believe that the mano mano possesses reinvigorating qualities, like a fountain of perpetual youth.

And far-away black pagans, toilers in copper mines of the Belgian Congo, may grin as they squat around on their haunches and eat flitches of dried flesh, without guessing that their dinner was caught by an American artist off the shores of Grand Isle, Louisiana, U. S. A.

"Do you remember what I'm mad about this morning, Parker?"

Frank Owen

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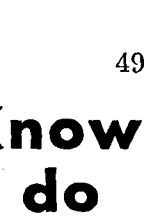

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Invention Sets the Pace

THE can opener probably did more to bring about woman suffrage than all the oratory of the most eloquent liberator of women.

The can opener, of course, followed the invention of the can. Many inventions were piled one upon another. Ultimately, however, the canning industry took out of the home work which consumed a large part of the housewife's time. Out of the new leisure and, naturally, from other causes, too, came woman suffrage and many other things. Yet you would not have called the inventors of the can or the can opener social revolutionaries.

Revolutionary changes, however, are generally the unforeseen results of mechanical inventions. If you look back over our history you will discover that far-reaching changes in our habits and ways of thinking in almost every case result from the widespread use of some new tool or gadget invented in a scientific laboratory.

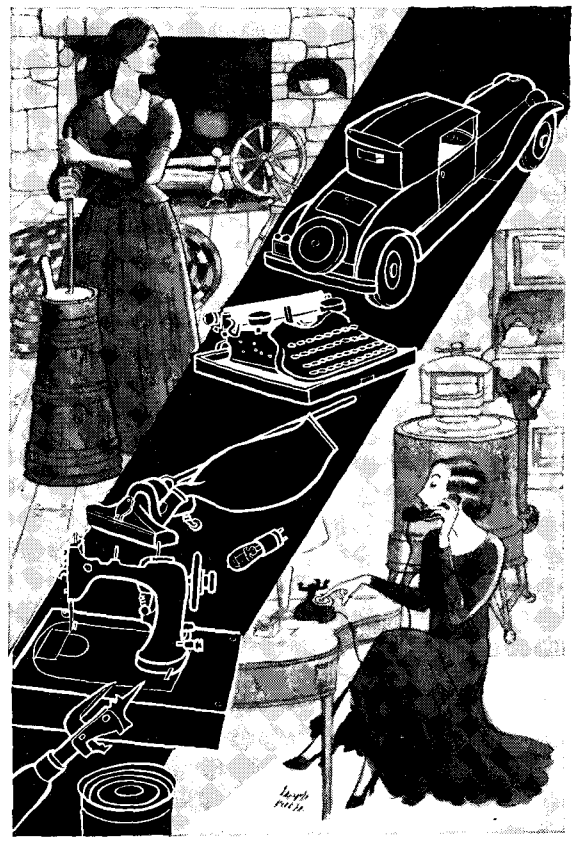
William F. Ogburn, Director of Research for President Hoover's Committee on Social Trends, has listed the great inventions of recent years and suggested some of the changes these things have accomplished in our ways of living.

The motor car is undoubtedly the most spectacular example of our mechanical invention, setting into motion powerful new social forces.

The invention of the multiple clutch and of the self-starter made general the use of motor cars. The obvious immediate effect was to stimulate travel and to widen enormously the range of the average man's activities and interests.

This greater mobility affected businesses and created new customs. Think of the effect of Sunday driving upon church attendance. Who foresaw that? The motor car made possible the great development of suburbs. It destroyed the isolation of the farmer. It created the tourists' camp. It affected seriously the revenues of railroads and so had far-flung consequences in distant fields of investment. It shortened distances and wiped out much of the meaning of state and national boundaries. It consolidated rural schools and made possible different standards of education. It redistributed marketing areas. The motor car has been more effective in making innovations than Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Mussolini and Lenin combined!

Or consider the omnipresent radio. Twelve million receiving sets are supposed to be owned by Americans. A hundred and fifty separate social changes have been traced to the radio. The differences between regions and classes tend to lessen, if not to be wiped out. A constant exchange of words and ideas goes on. Music is given a great impetus. Sports are made more popular. Ships are made safer at sea. Employment is given 200,000 people and new classes of technicians are created. Public sentiment is aroused on a wide variety of matters. Political habits are changed. Appeals are made to larger groups. The consequences are endless.



Inventions far less conspicuous have their lasting social effects. Rayon, a chemical invention, has done much to wipe out social distinction reflected in women's clothing. Chemistry made attractive fabrics cheap and women of all economic classes began to wear the same kind of clothes. The chemists who were experimenting with cellulose were not, however, thinking about social conditions.

The group of inventions immediately designed for farmers has utterly revolutionized agricultural life. Ninety years ago 60 per cent to 70 per cent of all men who worked were employed in agriculture. In 1930, 75 per cent were engaged in other occupations. The average farmer today supplies crops for eighteen people. Machinery turned a predominantly rural civilization into an urban civilization. Cyrus McCormick and his fellow inventors were, however, very conservative gentlemen not desiring in any way to disturb the social order into which they were born.

Inventions grew upon inventions and the rate of increase during recent years has been prodigious. In the decade ending in 1890, 208,000 patents were granted in the United States. The numbers increased steadily and during the ten years ending in 1930, 423,000 patents were granted.

Not all were important inventions. Inventions die, but nobody can forecast the consequences which flow from a single widely used mechanism. The typewriter provided work for women outside the home. It began subtly to influence family life. Who could have guessed that the typewriter was to affect issues as apparently remote as birth control or family limitation?

Who, again, had a glimmering of an idea of the social effects of the invention of the motion picture machine or color printing? Dress, architecture, eating customs, the most intimate details of life have been powerfully influenced by these seemingly unrelated things.

Manifestly inventions have created problems which have changed our ways of living. Only the most superficial observers of the machine, however, can be discouraged at the outlook.

In the first place machinery, labor-saving machinery, has, on the whole, increased and not diminished the number of jobs.

An unending variety of new occupations has been created. More than that, a larger percentage of the population was employed in 1930 than in 1870 and this despite the great reduction in child labor. Population increased 200 per cent in those sixty years but jobs increased 300 per cent during the same time. Plainly, therefore, invention is not destroying jobs.

On the contrary, beginning especially after 1900 and again jumping upward after 1920, machinery did in fact lift the level of living to standards never previously approached.

This does not mean that mechanical inventions solve all our problems or free us from the necessity of thinking and working rational ways out of our difficulties. It does mean that the Frankenstein monster, or the Technocratic, to use the current word, is no more dangerous now than it was a hundred years ago when it first emerged from Mrs. Shelley's imagination.

We have adjustments to make and difficulties to solve. We must make provision for those involuntarily unemployed because of technical changes in industry, or for other reasons. The fact is, however, that at last we are ready to make these necessary changes.

Already competent minds are working out ways of dealing with unemployment, temporary and of longer duration. Bills will be introduced in numerous legislatures this year. Intelligent industrial managers, such as Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, have long been suggesting practicable methods of attaining industrial security.

But there is nothing radical in insurance. We shall take unemployment insurance in our stride as previously we adopted workmen's compensation laws without a flutter. The really revolutionary changes occur before we realize what has happened. We are called on chiefly to adjust ourselves to what has already been accomplished. It is wise, however, not to delay too long to do even the obvious.

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